HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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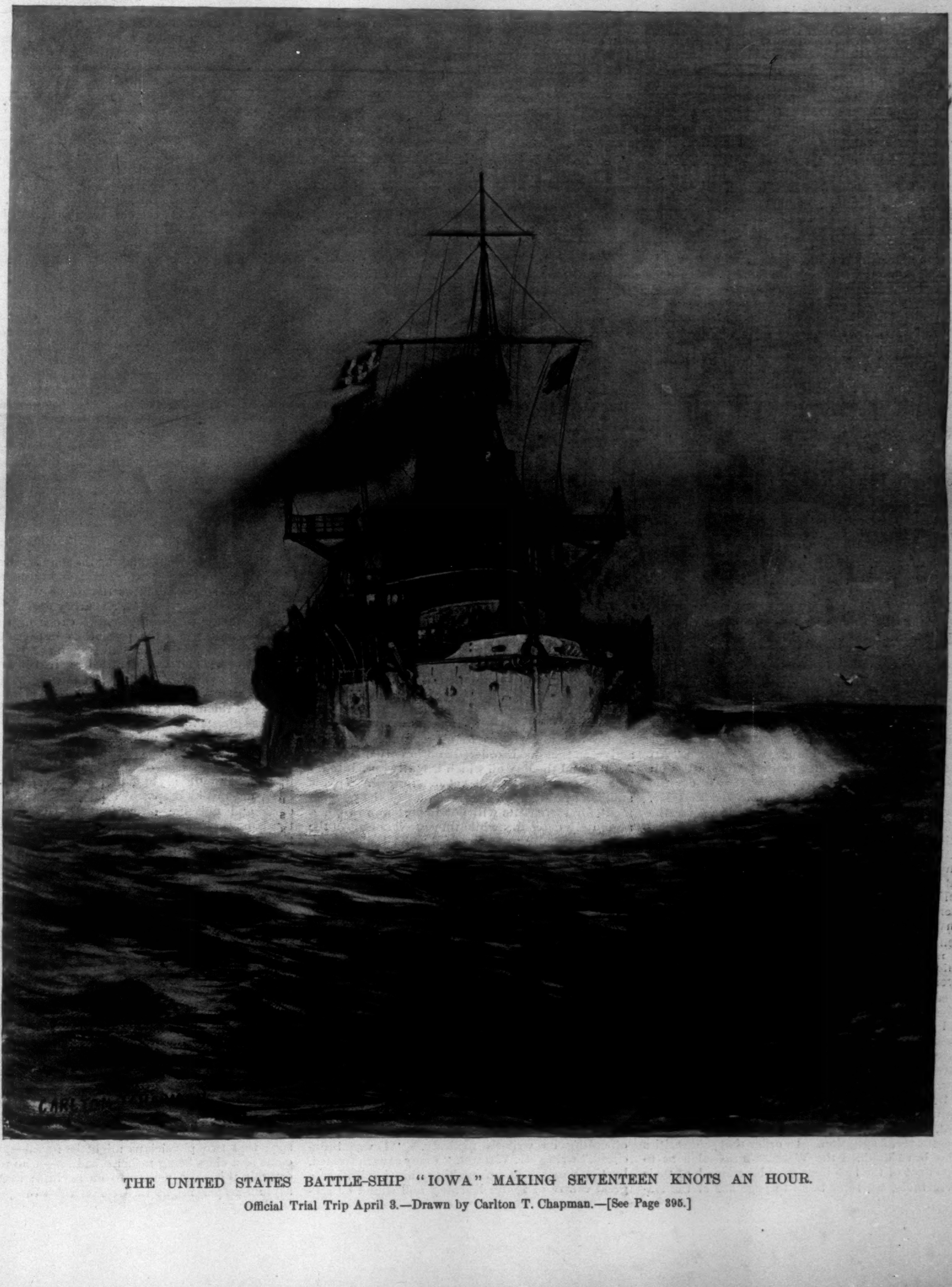

THE UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP "IOWA" MAKING SEVENTEEN KNOTS AN HOUR.

Official Trial Trip April 3.—Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman.—[See Page 395.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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DINGLEY LEGISLATION.

THE Dingley bill is now before the Senate, and the House, under the direction of Speaker Reed, has determined to do nothing until the bill comes back to it with the Senate amendments, notwithstanding the Republican promise of currency reform. The bill as it has passed the House of Representatives is probably the worst tariff bill that has ever been drawn. In taking from the free list all books except those intended for the government library and for educational institutions, and in taxing works of art, the bill steps backward to the time when the government professed to believe that genius might be promoted by increasing the price of foreign art and letters. Notwithstanding that he grudgingly yielded the point in favor of the colleges and universities, Mr. Dingley is likely to be remembered in history as the protector of ignorance and bigotry, who believed that writers of books and painters of pictures can be raised up and filled with inspiration by the same methods as those which he and his predecessors have employed for the purpose of introducing the manufacture of tin plate into the country. There is not an educated man or woman in the country who will not mark for future action this barbarian assault upon cultivation by Mr. Dingley and his associates.

In all other respects the bill is a socialistic grab-bag into which all who will pay the price may plunge their greedy hands. The tax on raw wool has been made so high that the protected manufacturers of woollen goods were with great difficulty cajoled into acceptance of it. The tax was imposed for the purpose of securing the votes of rebellious silver Republican Senators. The result is that woollen goods will bear even a higher tax than that imposed by the McKinley law. The Sugar Trust is also amply provided for. Although Senator Aldrich drew the cotton schedule in the present law on behalf and to the satisfaction of the cotton manufacturers, some of the favorites of the designers of this bill are presented with a little larger slice of the plunder than they had already admitted to be large enough. It was a case of appetite growing with what it had fed on. These are a few of the schedules in which changes have been made for the simple purpose of transferring, by means of the power of the government, the public funds into private pockets.

The bill professes to be for the increase of the public revenues, but the McKinley law, to which it bears a strong resemblance, was entitled "An act to reduce the revenues and equalize duties on imports, and for other purposes." It is under the pretence that more revenues are needed that Mr. Dingley has proposed to restore and better the McKinley act of 1890. A large number of protectionists, individuals and newspapers, have recently been busy in denying the Weekly's assertion that revenues actually were reduced under that act. Their present interests demand that the McKinley law should have failed of its professed intent, and they resort to all sorts of juggling to convict the Weekly of being in error. Some of them even go so far as to select a certain number of months at the beginning of the term during which the McKinley act ran, and to compare the revenues of those months with the revenues derived under the Wilson act when it went into effect, and when the revenues of the government had been brought to their lowest ebb, mainly by reason of the McKinley law. The fact is as we have asserted, however, that the revenues of the government were diminished by the McKinley law, and were increased by the Wilson law, and if they are not back to their former figures it is because of suspended commercial animation, due, first, to the silver agitation, and second, to the present tariff agitation. In order that some critics who have doubted the Weekly's assertion as to the effect of the two laws may be assured of their correctness, we refer them to page 229 of the statistical abstract of the United States for 1896, as the authority for the following statement as to the amounts of duty collected on all articles entered for consumption. Under the act of 1883, which imposed an average equivalent *ad valorem* rate of duty ranging from 41.61 per cent. to 47.10 per cent., the annual amount of duty collected on articles entered for consumption ranged from $177,319,550 in 1885, the smallest sum received, to $225,317,076 in 1890, the largest ever received. The following year, 1891, which was the first year of the McKinley act, the duties collected on articles entered for consumption fell off to $215,790,686, the average rate of duty that year being 46.28 per cent., an increase of nearly 2 per cent. over the average rate of 1890. In 1892 the average rate increased about 2½ per cent., and the receipts fell to $173,097,670. In 1893 there was a slight increase in receipts, although even then they were about $27,000,000 less than the receipts of 1890; and in 1894, when the rate had risen to 50.06 per cent., the receipts amounted only to $128,881,869. This was the last year of the operation of the McKinley law, and in 1895, the first year of the Wilson law, the rate of taxation fell to 41.75 per cent., while the receipts increased to $147,901,218. In 1896 the rate fell to 40.18 per cent., and the receipts were $157,013,506.

These facts sufficiently establish the proposition that the McKinley act did not fail of its professed purpose, but that it did reduce revenue, and that revenues increased under the Wilson act. And it follows, therefore, that intelligent men, like those who have prepared the Dingley bill, would not undertake to secure revenues by the restoration of the very measure by which they had been reduced. In other words, the Dingley bill is evidently for plunder, and not for revenue at all.

The history of the tariff on woollen goods furnishes an interesting illustration of the futility of high duties to raise revenue. In 1890 the average rate on woollens was about 69 per cent., and the revenues were $37,440,051. The McKinley act increased the rates to about 98 per cent., and the revenues from this source fell off to $19,061,936 in 1894. Under the Wilson act, which reduced the rate to about 48 per cent., the revenues began to increase at once, until in 1896 they were $23,121,474. In view of these figures there ought to be no further pretence that the proposed tax on woollen goods, which is higher than that levied under the McKinley act, is for the benefit of the exhausted revenues. It is clear that the people who are responsible for this bill are indifferent as to whether or not the government's revenues equal its expenditures. If they were not, they would be devising methods of economy, instead of renewing the old measure "to reduce the revenue," etc., by increasing the burdens of taxation.

It is evident, besides, that the bill is gradually becoming the nucleus of the socialistic movement. Many persons who have hitherto opposed taxation of this character seem ready to accept the policy underlying it, provided they and "their people" can share in the plunder. Democrats from the South who followed Bryan are now converted to Dingleyism, while the farmers, with perfect logic, are asking for their share, in the form of bounties on the products which they export. A good deal of trouble and anxiety is sure to follow the passage of this bill; and, to crown the outrage, the House has undertaken to make the taxes retroactive, so that goods ordered and imported between April 1 and the day on which it really goes into effect shall pay duties not yet determined. This is another assault upon the revenues of the government, for merchants will not import more than is absolutely necessary while they are ignorant of the tariff tax finally to be imposed upon their goods. Perhaps the most suggestive exhibition connected with this legislation is that of the excellent Secretary of the Treasury hunting through the statute-books for authority under which he can enforce a law at once that is to be enacted in some unknown form in the uncertain future.

EDUCATION IN THE SOUTH.

In the last issue of the Weekly there appeared an illustrated article on Washington and Lee University in Virginia. The occasion for presenting such an article to our readers was the accession of Mr. W. L. Wilson to the presidency of the institution. The reason for Mr. Wilson's acceptance of this position, and his refusal of offers holding forth much greater promise of material reward, is explained in a letter written by Mr. Wilson to the editor of the Weekly, which, although it is personal, we trust we may quote from without offending its writer's modesty. "I was influenced," writes Mr. Wilson, "I may say captivated, by the possibilities of making this institution a great centre of sound learning and sound citizenship, a power to reproduce in the South some of that high thinking which made her leadership in past generations so conservative and yet national. I am sure the seed has not run out. But it needs strong and wholesome culture. All the rest of the country is interested in this as much as Virginia and the South."

The country knew already a good deal to the credit of Mr. Wilson. It knew that he had carried character and scholarship into politics, and that he has made great sacrifices, looking at his career from the point of view of the politician, in adhering to his principles. He is now out of office, and although, for a time at least, he is also out of politics, he has achieved a success to which most of the men who remain in Congress and in office will never attain. He is about to turn his attention to the education of Southern youth, in the hope of doing something for that section of the country, and of enlightening the ignorance that now unhappily prevails among its public men.

Surely there was never a people more greatly in need of education, and of such education, in mind and morals, as Mr. Wilson can impart and inspire. The South is wrong on nearly every economic and social question. It has not a man of distinguished ability in public life. It is under the rule of hare-brained adventurers, who are ready to take up with any cause that seems to serve their ambition of the moment. It has become the harbor and refuge of the wildest economic and political heresies. Not only is the present intellectual condition of the South demoralizing the immediate section, but its evil influence extends throughout the country, and very seriously affects the character of the Federal government. There is no cure for the evil except through education, and in the spread of enlightenment every centre of civilization in the Union is deeply interested.

Washington and Lee University is one of the soundest of Southern institutions. It is rich for Virginia, but very poor indeed when compared with wealthy Northern institutions. It possesses a productive endowment of $650,000, and Washington's gift of $50,000 is still intact, and yields the university an annual income of $3000. It is unlike all but one other educational institution in the South (Tulane); it is not under sectarian or State control. Under the presidency of Mr. Wilson it ought to become a centre of light and leading, and to that end our Northern philanthropists may contribute of their wealth, with the assurance that they are not only thereby benefiting the youth of the South, but taking precautions for the future welfare of the nation.

AN OLD GHOST ABROAD.

The Sisyphean task of slaying the slain is proverbially disheartening. No foeman is so invulnerable and withal so persistent as the ghost whose corporeal moiety has "lain for a century dead." The sinuous thrust of the rapier, the caressing sweep of the scimitar, and the ponderous impact of the bludgeon are equally unavailing against this mocking thinness; and words railed against it are as the "young winds" feeding the flowers with silvery dew in Shelley's enchanted garden.

One of the mustiest and most hopelessly defunct of these ghosts has recently stirred in its tomb and come forth to walk abroad again in New York. It was the shade of a sane person who back in the Dark Ages was incarcerated by a designing relative in a lunatic asylum, and forced to pass the latter days of its corporeal existence chained in a dark and noisome dungeon. Freed from this thraldom, it had sworn to haunt the world for all time to come, and make itself manifest whenever opportunity might offer. Since then it had sat for its portrait—re-embodied, of course—to Charles Reade and sundry other novelists and a few score of dramatists. Even in our own time its sepulchral tones have rung as a sort of echo in undertone in the ears of a fair proportion of impressionable people whenever the word "asylum" chanced to be mentioned.

But of course to sound as an echo by no means satisfies a ghost—at any rate, for a steady diet. Now and again it must find a more direct and tangible method of expression. So the ghost of poor Lunatico must have felt a thrill of delight when it found a mouth-piece in the person of a learned judge who has put into modern phraseology the discourse which Lunatico had been voicing in diverse tongues all adown the centuries.

The purport of the discourse was this—that human liberty is a very sacred thing; that a charge of insanity might be brought against a sane person; that two physicians might be found—physicians as a class being rather a bad lot—who would commit this sane person to an asylum; that the asylum-keeper might incarcerate the sane person there for an indefinite time, incited thereto by mercenary ends; and that all this would be very terrible indeed.

So it would, so it would, Lunatico; every one will quite agree with you about that. But calm yourself. You labor under your old-time misapprehension. Your last nap was an unduly long one, and you do not understand the present status of your case in New York. You do not know the safeguards that have been placed about you since the time you suffered that indignity in the flesh back in the seventeenth century, and recounted it under various dramatic and romantic aliases in more recent generations. Listen, then, and learn that the laws of New York have swung to the very limit of the pendulum in placing safeguards about the lunatic, real or alleged. Though he be a raging maniac, the law takes nothing for granted. It requires that a relative or friend of the alleged lunatic shall make a sworn petition to a judge, setting forth the untechnical grounds on which lunacy is alleged; that two physicians, qualified as alienists, shall make similar sworn statements, detailing technical evidences of insanity, and explicitly declaring the patient, in their judgment, insane; and finally, that a judge of a court of record shall satisfy himself of the justice of these allegations (calling the patient before him, and summoning a jury if he so desires) before ordering the commitment of the patient to an asylum.

Nor is this all. Once in the asylum, the patient still has boundless opportunities to have his case reopened. Any friend can bring writ of *habeas corpus* to bear, and secure a hearing before commission and jury. Failing that, letters directed by the patient to various State officials must, under the law, be delivered unopened by the asylum authorities. Even if this law were violated, the patient has opportunity for personal application, by word of mouth, to the members of the State Commission in Lunacy, whose president, an alienist of the largest experience, officially visits every asylum, of whatever status, and personally sees every inmate. There are no hidden crypts and dungeons about these asylums now, Lunatico.

Surely, then, you cannot think that laymen, and practising physicians, and presiding judge, and asylum physicians, and commission, and jury de lunatico inquirendo, and commission in lunacy, will all be open to bribery in any specific case! Yet without such dishonesty and open treachery the thing you dream of is impossible. No, no, Lunatico; humanity is bad—very, very bad, if you please—but even badness has its limitations.

PARKS AND THE PEOPLE.

The constitutional inhibition against taking private property for public use without compensation would be more pertinent to our actual situation if it were reversed. For the assaults upon public property are much more numerous and dangerous than the other kind. Every city which has a system of public parks finds that constant vigilance is the price of their preservation. One would imagine that in New York the invaders would have recognized that the uses of the parks were so generally understood that the perversion of them was not practicable, so many assaults upon Central Park have been made and repelled. The attempt to establish a "straightaway" trotting-course in it elicited such an expression of public indignation as induced all but the most rash advocates of that mode of devastation to abandon it. It is true that they received "something equally as good," in the form of a driveway along the Harlem River, which it is unlikely they would have received but for their attack upon the Park.

The latest assault has come in a much more insidious form. It was a request from certain wheelmen to be allowed to use the Riverside Drive for a "bicycling meet" on a special occasion, and to have a sequestered, and for that very reason charming, part of Central Park assigned as a permanent circus for "scorching." The wheelmen and the wheelwomen are so numerous that this seemed a moderate demand. If they had all joined in it, it would have been a very formidable demand. But it turned out that a warm interest in the exercise of bicycling was not incompatible, in the minds of a great number of its devotees, with an appreciation of the rights of that portion of the public which did not wheel, or of that part of the cycling public which did not find its enjoyment in tournaments and opportunities for free and unlimited "scorching." The proposition was so plausible that at one time it was reported to have gained the adhesion of one of the Park commissioners. Wherefore it is especially gratifying that when the petition came to be heard by the commission "en banc," it was unanimously rejected.

This is an encouraging showing, because there have been times when the most dangerous allies of the persons bent upon the spoliation of the parks were to be found in the commission itself. Citizens who understood and valued the public uses of the parks found that in order to protect them it was necessary to keep a watchful eye upon their official custodians. Upon this occasion not only were all the commissioners on the right side, but the principle of their action was clearly and forcibly stated by one of them when he said that they had no right at any time to close the parks to the people. That is really the point. Of course the commissioner did not mean that pedestrians should be allowed to walk on the drives, or equestrians to gallop over the meadows. But he meant that no use of the park should be sanctioned which gave to a part of its visitors, no matter how numerous or how deserving, the right to deprive any other part of the enjoyment which the parks are reserved and constructed and embellished for the sake of giving. The steady application of the principle thus enunciated will preserve public pleasure-grounds for their proper public function; and the mere enunciation of the principle will help people to understand, in a case so doubtful as to a good many seemed to be raised by the application of the wheelmen, what is a public use of a public park, and what uses are inconsistent with it.

THE FORESTRY PROBLEM.

It has often been said that the Americans are spendthrifts. This may not be true in all respects, but it is certainly true that the wanton wastefulness with which our people have squandered their magnificent forest resources stamps them as most reckless spendthrifts in that line. It is a fact, well known to all who care to inform themselves upon such subjects, that while a century ago no country had forests as rich and magnificent as ours, there will be none of those forests left in less than twenty years if the present rate of destruction goes on. But only very slowly does it seem to dawn upon the public mind that the loss of our forests, without adequate restoration, will be the deadliest imaginable blow to our future progress and prosperity. And yet there is no more invariable lesson taught by the history of countries and nations. What has become of those lands of Asia which once were said to "flow with milk and honey"; which among their then forest-clad mountains, and on their hills covered with vineyards and fig groves, and on their plains waving with grain-fields, nourished teeming and prosperous populations; which reared great cities and astonishing monuments of the civilization of their time? Wherever their forests disappeared their mountain-sides were denuded of soil, their springs dried up, their watercourses disappeared at one season, and became raging torrents at another, inundating the valleys, and covering them with the gravel and loose rock swept down from the mountains; their vineyards and orchards wilted and died of want of moisture; their plains became parched and barren; and for many centuries they have been desolate deserts, roamed over by wild beasts, and nomadic tribes little better than robbers, poor, miserable, degraded, and relapsed into barbarism. What is the lesson taught by the history of Spain, in ancient times one of the most luxuriant garden-spots of the world, the granary of the Roman Empire? The noble forests which still existed in the times of the Moors were ruthlessly swept away, and it is not without good reason that learned historians ascribe the economic as well as the political decadence of Spain in a great measure to the evils which the destruction of her forests brought with it. Examples of minor consequence may profitably be studied in some parts of Italy and of southern France.

We may congratulate ourselves upon the fact that the warnings with regard to this subject, which so long were uttered in vain, are at last beginning to command the attention of the people at large. Earnest efforts are being made in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, West Virginia, Wisconsin, and in several New England States to preserve large stretches of forest, in most cases with a view to protecting against denudation the head-waters of the principal rivers. President Harrison set apart, by executive orders, about 13,000,000 acres as forest reserves in the far Western States and Territories, and President Cleveland in the same manner reserved various districts, aggregating about 27,000,000 acres, all for the same purpose. Thus a fair start has been made in a policy designed to avert the most disastrous consequences of our recklessness; and there is no doubt that these movements and measures have the hearty sympathy of every intelligent man in the country whose judgment is not warped by private interest. But we must not indulge in the delusion that mere popular sympathy will be sufficient for the attainment of the object. Every forward step for the systematic preservation of public forests will have to overcome the stubborn and crafty resistance of greedy persons who seek to enrich themselves by preying upon the public property; and that resistance will be supported by cowardly politicians in Congress or in the State Legislatures who have such greedy robbers among their constituents and wish to conciliate their political influence.

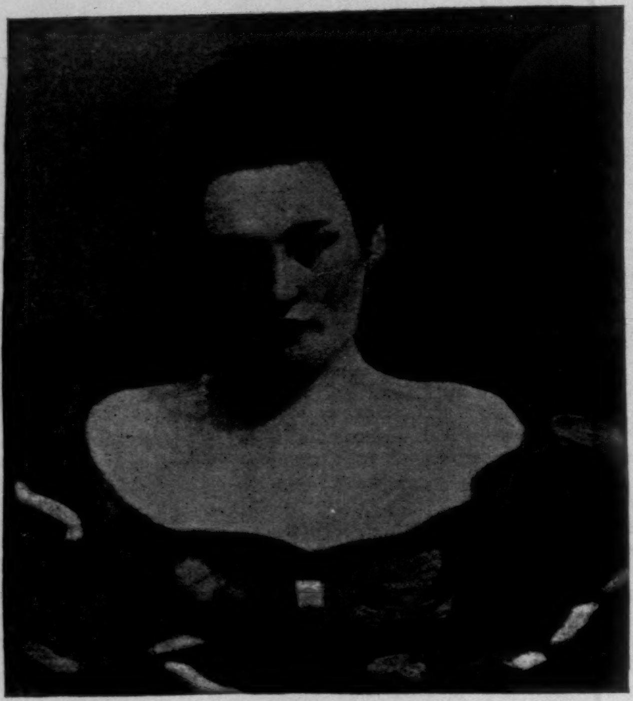
When, during the administration of President Hayes, the Interior Department made the first earnest effort to stop the plundering and devastation of the public timber-lands, a notion seemed to prevail that the public forests were everybody's property, to be taken or wasted as anybody pleased. Enterprising timber-thieves were appropriating to themselves not merely trees, but whole forests. Hundreds of saw-mills were in full blast to manufacture public forests into merchantable lumber, not only to be used at home, but to be exported to foreign countries. The value of the stolen lumber so exported amounted to many millions of dollars every year. When the first steps were taken to arrest this wholesale robbery and destruction, the Interior Department was flooded with telegrams and letters indignantly remonstrating against such tyrannical attempts, and Senators and members of the House of Representatives came rushing in, asking in angry tones how the Department could dare thus to interfere with the legitimate business of the country! And when the Secretary applied to Congress for rational forestry legislation, he was contemptuously sneered at, even by "great statesmen," for his outlandish notions, that might do for a little German principality, but were ridiculously out of place in a great country like this.

The supercilious sneering has ceased, but, as the protests of Western Senators and Representatives against President Cleveland's last forest-reserve order proved, that active resistance has not ceased. To baffle it will require much discernment, coolness, and intrepidity on the part of executive officers as well as legislators. They should take good care not to be stampeded by the ancient pretence of the timber-thieves that they are only providing for the urgent needs of the people, and that if they are prevented from stealing, the business of the country will come to a standstill—while, in fact, what timber the farmer and the miner need is comparatively very little and easily supplied; but the main business of the timber-thieves is to sell in the general market for their private profit what they steal from the public. The present Secretary of the Interior, who is hard pressed about the forest reserves recently ordered by President Cleveland, should keep this old experience well in mind. Nor will it be difficult to protect the public timber-lands against robbery if proper means be granted. Especially will this be easy to the national government. Indian wars are no longer to be apprehended. A large part of the army will be disposable for other objects. Why should not a few battalions be organized and specially instructed as forest guards for such service? There could hardly be a more useful employment for the soldier in time of peace.

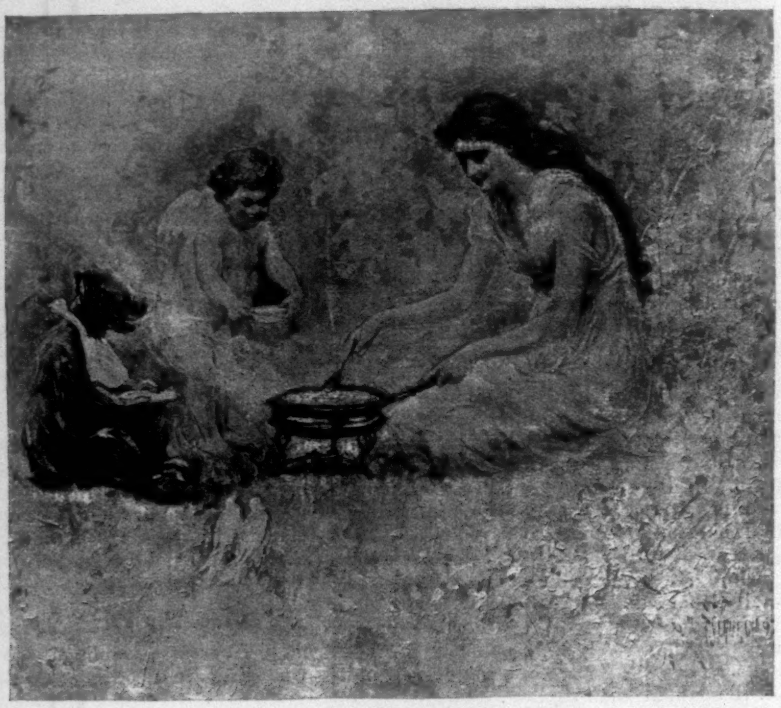
The next problem will be to keep the forests so saved from devastation in a state of constant and profitable renewal, so as to make them a source of public revenue. This is a matter of science and of administration. In this respect several European countries present to us a noble example and a vast store of experience; and it is to be hoped that we have at last outgrown the childish notion that we are too great to learn anything from "abroad." No respectable American university or college should be without its forestry department, manned with instructors perfectly familiar with European systems; and nobody should be intrusted with forest administration other than persons educated in such schools. The first requirement to be kept in mind is that this branch of the public service be kept severely out of politics; for scientific administration has no more dangerous enemy than the "practical" party politician. This is an experience which especially the Governor of New York, if he is in earnest with his forestry policy, should not a moment forget.

It may sound like an exaggeration to say that, as to the future prosperity of this country, the matter of forest preservation and renewal is far more important than the tariff or the currency. But it is the sober truth. Nor is there any time to be lost. We have already sinned overmuch; and unless we make haste to stop the progress of ruin and to repair the injury done, our children will curse the wanton recklessness of their fathers.

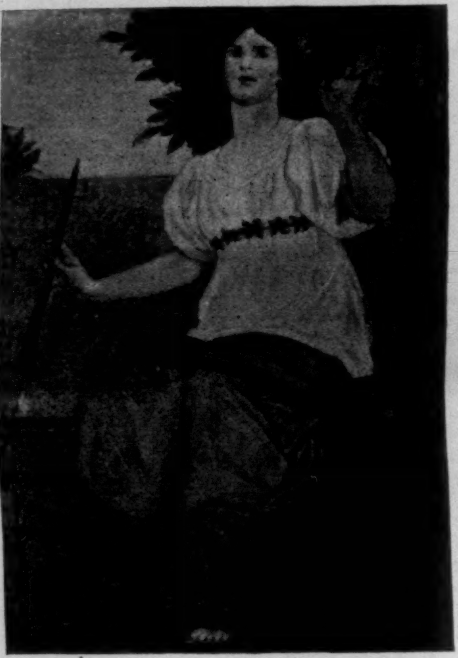
Carl Schurz.



STUDY—"HEAD."—By W. H. Hyde.



"THE CHAFING-DISH."—By F. S. Church.



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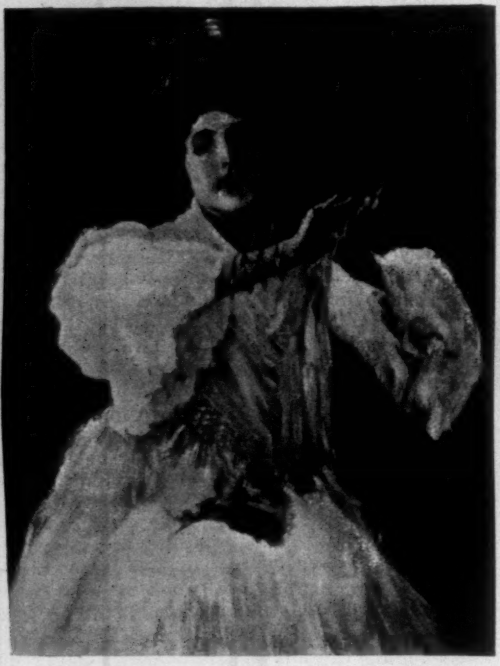

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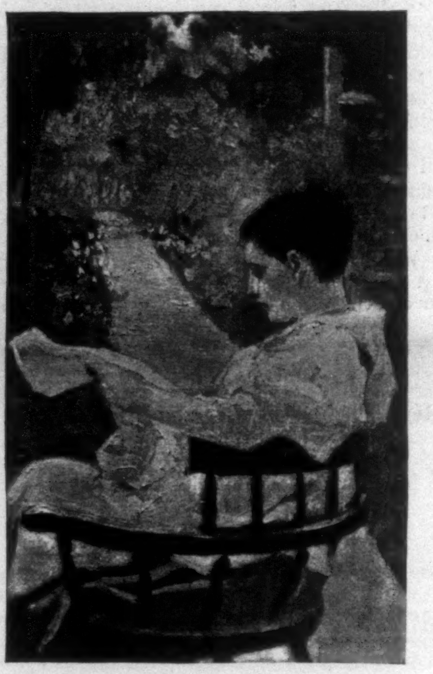
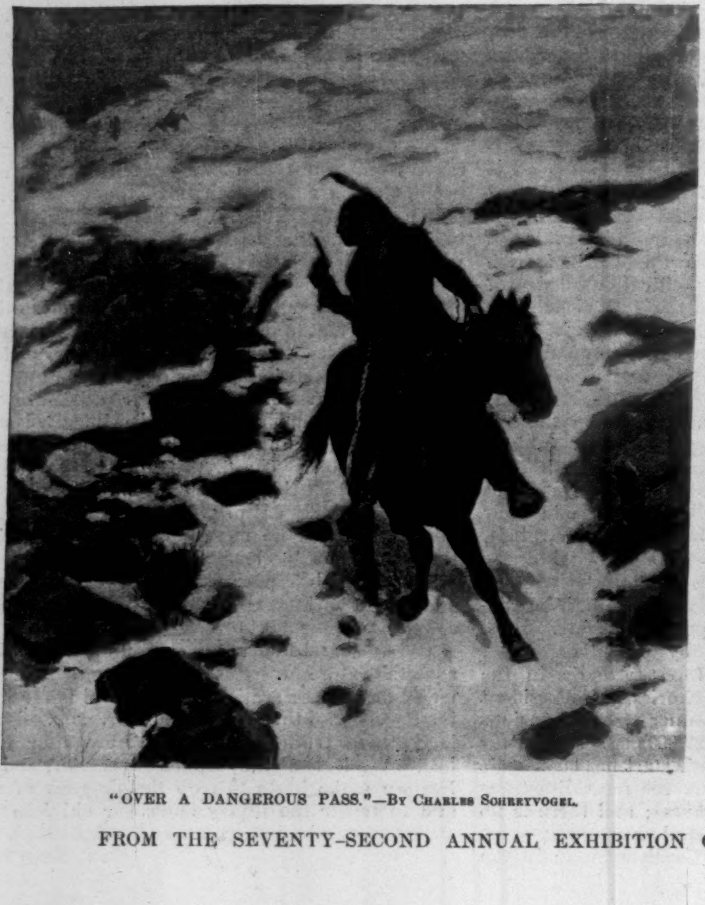
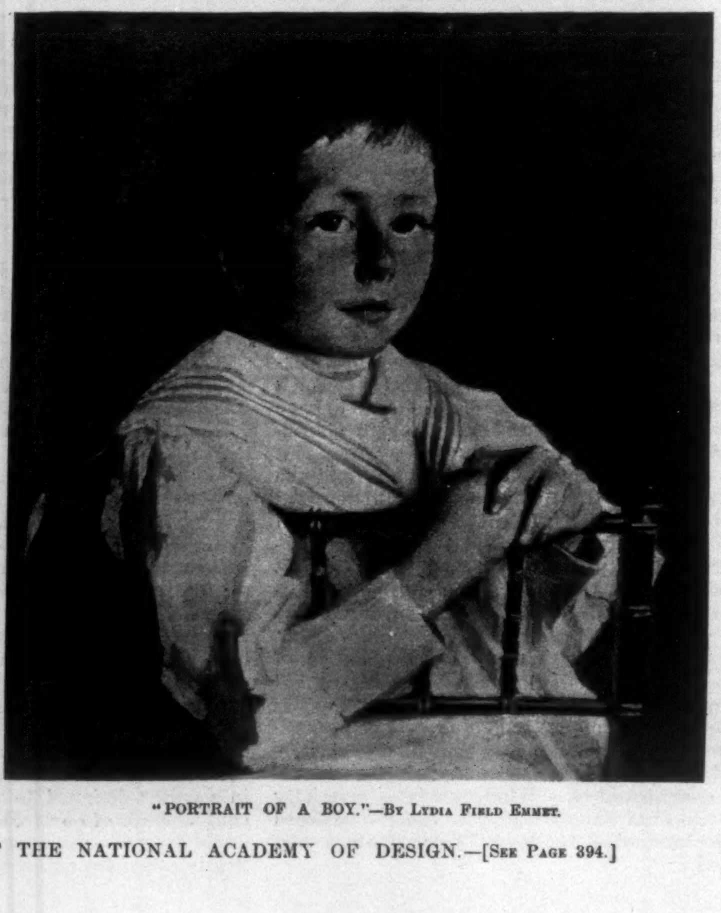


"IN THE GARDEN."—By Irving R. Wiles.

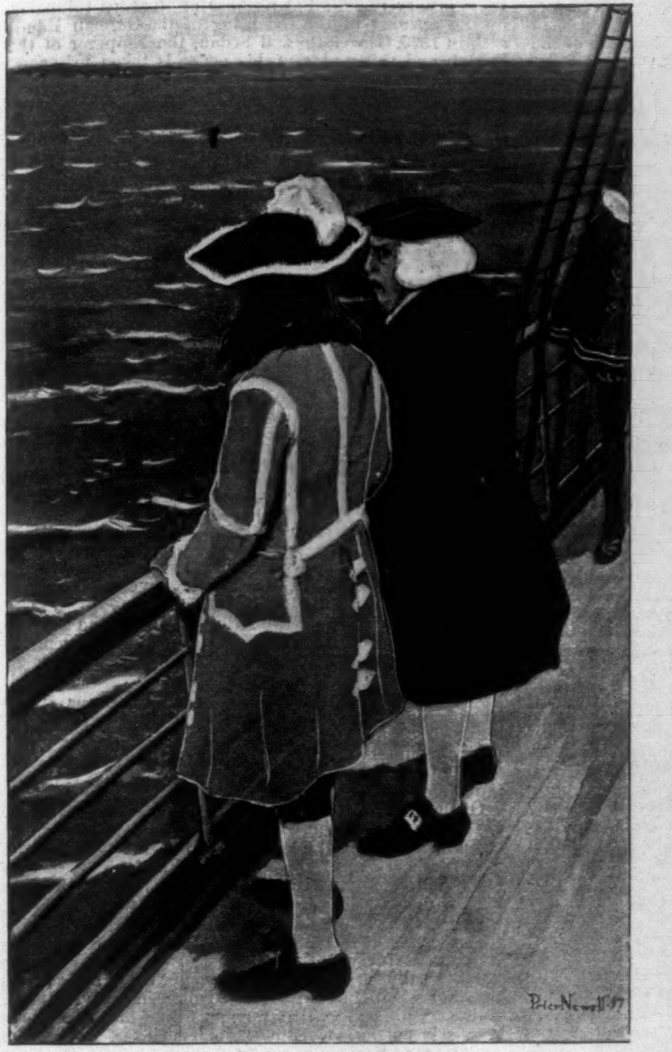


"OVER A DANGEROUS PASS."—By Charles Schreyvogel.



"PORTRAIT OF A BOY."—By Lydia Field Emmet.

FROM THE SEVENTY-SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—[See Page 394.]



"'DE FOE,' SAID JOHNSON, 'THAT OUGHT TO BE A LESSON TO YOU.'"

THE PURSUIT OF THE HOUSE-BOAT.*

Being some Further Account of the Doings of the Associated Shades, under the Leadership of Sherlock Holmes, Esq.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS,

AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE-BOAT ON THE STYX," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL.

XI.—MAROONED.

WHEN Captain Holmes arrived upon deck he seized his glass, and gazing intently through it for a moment, perceived that the faithful Shem had not deceived him. Flying at half-mast from a rude roughly hewn pole set upon a rocky height was the black flag, emblem of piracy, and, as Artemus Ward put it, "with the second joints reversed." It was in very truth a signal of distress.

"I make it a point never to be surprised," observed Holmes, as he peered through the glass, "but this beats me. I didn't know there was an island of this nature in these latitudes. Blackstone, go below and pipe Captain Cook on deck. Perhaps he knows what island that is."

"You'll have to excuse me, Captain Holmes," replied the Judge. "I didn't ship on this voyage as a cabin-boy or a messenger-boy. Therefore I—"

"Bonaparte, put the Judge in irons," interrupted Holmes, sternly. "I expect to be obeyed, Judge Blackstone, whether you shipped as a Lord Chief Justice or a state-room steward. When I issue an order it must be obeyed. Step lively there, Bonaparte. Get his honor ironed and summon your marines. We may have work to do before night. Hamlet, pipe Captain Cook on deck."

"Aye, aye, sir," replied Hamlet, with alacrity, as he made off.

"That's the way to obey orders," said Holmes, with a scornful glance at Blackstone.

"I was only jesting, Captain," said the latter, paling somewhat.

"That's all right," said Holmes, taking up his glass again. "So was I when I ordered you in irons; and in order that you may appreciate the full force of the joke, I repeat it. Bonaparte, do your duty."

In an instant the order was obeyed, and the unhappy Judge shortly found himself manacled and alone in the brig. Meanwhile Captain Cook, in response to the commander's order, repaired to the deck and scanned the distant coast.

"I can't place it," he said. "It can't be Monte Cristo, can it?"

"No, it can't," said the Count, who stood hard by. "My island was in the Mediterranean, and even if it dragged anchor it couldn't have got out through the Strait of Gibraltar."

"Perhaps it's Robinson Crusoe's island," suggested Doctor Johnson.

"Not it," observed De Foe. "If it is, the rest of you will please keep off. It's mine, and I may want to use it again. I've been having a number of interviews with Crusoe latterly, and he's given me a lot of new points, which I intend incorporating in a sequel for the *Cimmerian Magazine.*"

"Well, in the name of Atlas, what island is it, then?" roared Holmes, angrily. "What is the matter with all you learned lubbers that I have brought along on this trip? Do you suppose I've brought you to whistle up favorable winds? Not by the beard of the Prophet! I brought you to give me information, and now when I ask for the name of a simple little island like that in plain sight there's not one of you able so much as to guess at it reasonably. The next man I ask for information goes into irons with Judge Blackstone if he doesn't answer me instantly with the information I want. Munchausen, what island is that?"

"Ahem!—that?" replied Munchausen, trembling, as he reflected upon the Captain's threat. "What? Nobody knows what island that is? Why, you surprise me—"

"See here, Baron," retorted Holmes, menacingly, "I asked you a plain question, and I want a plain answer, with no evasions to gain time. Now it's irons or an answer. What island is that?"

"It's an island that doesn't appear on any chart, Captain," Munchausen responded instantly, pulling himself together for a mighty effort, "and it has never been given a name; but as you insist upon having one, we'll call it Holmes Island, in your honor. It is not stationary. It is a floating island of lava formation, and is a menace to every craft that goes to sea. I spent a year of my life upon it once, and it is more barren than the desert of Sahara, because you cannot raise even sand upon it, and it is devoid of water of any sort, salt or fresh."

"What did you live on during that year?" asked Holmes, eying him narrowly.

"Canned food from wrecks," replied the Baron, feeling much easier now that he had got a fair start—"canned food from wrecks, commander. There is a magnetic property in the upper stratum of this piece of derelict real estate, sir, which attracts to it every bit of canned substance that is lost overboard in all parts of the world. A ship is wrecked, say, in the Pacific Ocean, and ultimately all the loose metal upon her will succumb to the irresistible attraction of this magnetic upper stratum, and will find its way to its shores. So in any other part of the earth. Everything metallic turns up here sooner or later; and when you consider that thousands of vessels go down every year, vessels which are provisioned with tinned foods only, you will begin to comprehend how many millions of pounds of preserved salmon, sardines, *pâté de foie gras*, peaches, and so on can be found strewn along its coast."

"Munchausen," said Holmes, smiling, "by the blush upon your cheek, coupled with an occasional uneasy glance of the eye, I know that for once you are standing upon the—to you—unfamiliar ground of truth, and I admire you for it. There is nothing to be ashamed of in telling the truth occasionally. You are a man after my own heart. Come below and have a cocktail. Captain Cook, take command of the *Gehenna* during my absence; head her straight for Holmes Island, and when you discover anything new let me know. Bonaparte, in honor of Munchausen's remarkable genius, I proclaim general amnesty to our prisoners, and you may release Blackstone from his dilemma; and if you have any tin soldiers among your marines, see that they are lashed to the rigging. I don't want this electric island of the Baron's to get a grip upon my military force at this juncture."

With this Holmes, followed by Munchausen, went below, and the two worthies were soon deep in the mysteries of a phantom cocktail, while Doctor Johnson and De Foe gazed mournfully out over the ocean at the floating island.

"De Foe," said Johnson, "that ought to be a lesson to you. This realism that you tie up to is all right when you are alone with your conscience; but when there are great things afoot, an imagination and a broad view as to the limitations of truth aren't at all bad. You or I might now be drinking that cocktail with Holmes if we'd only risen to the opportunity the way Munchausen did."

"That is true," said De Foe, sadly. "But I didn't suppose he wanted that kind of information. I could have spun a better yarn than that of Munchausen's with my eyes shut. I supposed he wanted truth, and I gave it."

"I'd like to know what has become of the House-boat," said Raleigh, anxiously gazing through the glass at the island. "I can see old Henry Morgan sitting down there on the rocks with his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands, and Kidd and Abeuchapeta are standing back of him, yelling like mad, but there isn't a boat in sight."

"Who is that man, off to the right, dancing a fandango?" asked Johnson.

"It looks like Conrad, but I can't tell. He appears to have gone crazy. He's got that wild look on his face which betokens insanity. We'll have to be careful in our parleyings with these people," said Raleigh.

"Anything new?" asked Holmes, returning to the deck, smacking his lips in enjoyment of the cocktail.

"No—except that we are almost within hailing distance," said Cook.

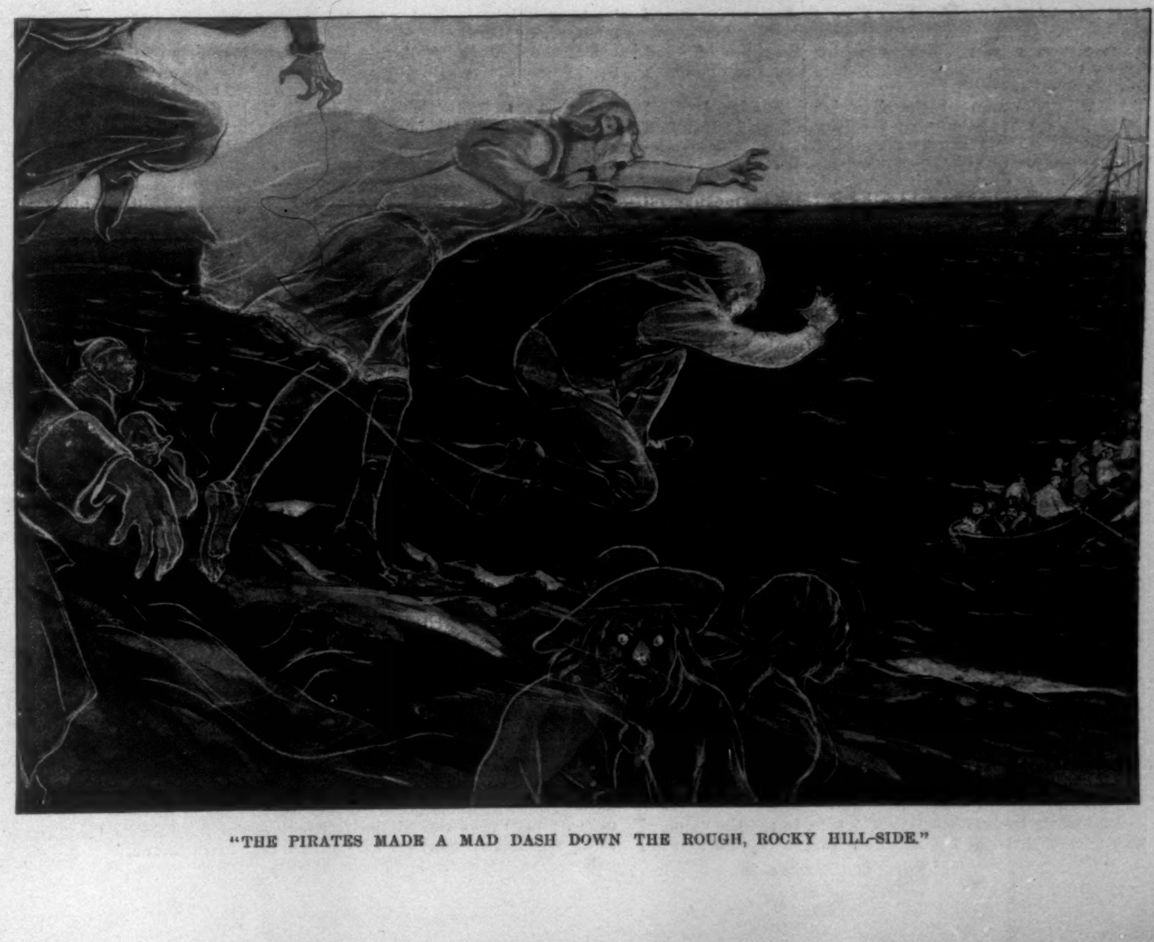
"Then give orders to cast anchor," observed Holmes. "Bonaparte, take a crew of picked men ashore and bring those pirates aboard. Take the three musketeers with you, and don't let Kidd or Morgan give you any back talk. If they try any funny business, exorcise them."

"Aye, aye, sir," replied Bonaparte, and in a moment a boat had been lowered and a sturdy crew of sailors were pulling for the shore. As they came within ten feet of it the pirates made a mad dash down the rough, rocky hillside and clamored to be saved.

"What's happened to you?" cried Bonaparte, ordering the sailors to back water, lest the pirates should too hastily board the boat and swamp her.

"We are marooned," replied Kidd, "and on an island of a volcanic nature. There isn't a square inch of it that isn't heated up to 125 degrees, and seventeen of us have already evaporated. Conrad has lost his reason; Abeuchapeta has become so tenuous that a child can see through him. As for myself, I am growing iridescent with anxiety, and unless I get off this infernal furnace I'll disappear like a soap-bubble. For Heaven's sake, then, General, take us off, on your own terms. We'll accept anything."

As if in confirmation of Kidd's words, six of the pirate crew collapsed and disappeared into thin air, and a glance at Abeuchapeta was proof enough of his condition. He had become as clear as crystal, and had it not been for his rugged outlines he would hardly have been visible even to his fellow-spirits. As for Kidd, he had taken on



"THE PIRATES MADE A MAD DASH DOWN THE ROUGH, ROCKY HILL-SIDE."

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2094.

the aspect of a rainbow, and it was patent that his fears for himself were all too well founded.

Bonaparte embarked the leaders of the band first, returning subsequently for the others, and repaired with them at once to the *Gehenna*, where they were ushered into the presence of Sherlock Holmes. The first question he asked was as to the whereabouts of the House-boat.

"That we do not know," replied Kidd, mournfully gazing downward at the wreck of his former self. "We came ashore, sir, early yesterday morning, in search of food. It appears that when—acting in a wholly inexcusable fashion, and influenced, I confess it, by motives of revenge—I made off with your club-house, I neglected to ascertain if it were well stocked with provisions, a fatal error; for when we endeavored to get supper we discovered that the larder contained but half a bottle of farcie olives, two salted almonds, and a soda cracker—not a luxurious feast for sixty-nine pirates and a hundred and eighty-three women to sit down to."

"That's all nonsense," said Demosthenes. "The House Committee had provided enough supper for six hundred people, in anticipation of the appetite of the members on their return from the fight."

"Of course they did," said Confucius; "and it was a good one, too—salads, salmon glacé, lobsters—every blessed thing a man can't get at home we had; and what is more, they'd been delivered on board. I saw to that before I went up the river."

"Then," moaned Kidd, "it is as I suspected. We were the victims of base treachery on the part of those women."

"Treachery? Well, I like that. Call it reciprocity," said Hamlet, dryly.

"We were informed by the ladies that there was nothing for supper save the items I have already referred to," said Kidd. "I see it all now. We had tried to make them comfortable, and I put myself to some considerable personal inconvenience to make them easy in their minds; but they were ungrateful."

"What ever induced you to take 'em along with you?" asked Socrates.

"We didn't want them," said Kidd. "We didn't know they were on board until it was too late to turn back. They'd broken in, and were having the club all to themselves in your absence."

"It served you good and right," said Socrates, with a laugh. "Next time you try to take things that don't belong to you, maybe you'll be a trifle more careful as to whose property you confiscate."

"But the House-boat—you haven't told us how you lost her," put in Raleigh, impatiently.

"Well, it was this way," said Kidd. "When, in response to our polite request for supper, the ladies said there was nothing to eat on board, something had to be done, for we were all as hungry as bears, and we decided to go ashore at the first port and provision. Unfortunately the crew got restive, and when this floating frying-pan loomed into view, to keep them good-natured we decided to land and see if we could beg, borrow, or steal some supplies. We had to. Observations taken with the sextant showed that there was no port within five hundred miles; the island looked as if it might be inhabited at least by goats, and ashore we went, every man of us, leaving the House-boat safely anchored in the harbor. At first we didn't mind the heat, and we hunted and hunted and hunted; but after three or four hours I began to notice that three of my sailors were shrivelling up, and Conrad began to act as if he were daft. Hawkins burst right before my eyes. Then Abeuchapeta got prismatic around the eyes and began to fade, and I noticed a slight iridescence about myself; and as for Morgan, he had the misfortune to lie down to take a nap in the sun, and when he waked up, his whole right side had evaporated. Then we saw what the trouble was. We'd struck this lava island, and were gradually succumbing to its intense heat. We rushed madly back to the harbor to embark; and our ship, gentlemen, and your House-boat, was slowly but surely disappearing over the horizon, and flying from the flag-staff at the fore were signals of farewell, with an unfeeling P.S. below to this effect: *Don't wait up for us. We may not be back until late.*"

There was a pause, during which Socrates laughed quietly to himself, while Abeuchapeta and the one-sided Morgan wept silently.

"That, gentlemen of the Associated Shades, is all I know of the whereabouts of the House-boat," continued Captain Kidd. "I have no doubt that the ladies practised a deception to our discomfiture, and I must say that I think it was exceedingly clever—granting that it was desirable to be rid of us, which I don't, for we meant well by them, and they would have enjoyed themselves."

"But," cried Hamlet, "may they not now be in peril? They cannot navigate that ship."

"They got her out of the harbor all right," said Kidd. "And I judged from the figure at the helm that Mrs. Noah had taken charge. What kind of a seaman she is I don't know."

"Almighty bad," ejaculated Shem, turning pale. "It was she who ran us ashore on Ararat."

"Well, wasn't that what you wanted?" queried Munchausen.

"What we wanted!" cried Shem. "Well, I guess not. You don't want your yacht stranded on a mountain-top, do you? She was a dead loss there, whereas if mother hadn't been in such a hurry to get ashore, we could have waited a month and landed on the seaboard."

"You might have turned her into a summer hotel," suggested Munchausen.

"Well, we must up anchor and away," said Holmes. "Our pursuit has merely begun, apparently. We must overtake this vessel, and the question to be answered is—where?"

"That's easy," said Artemus Ward From what Shem says, I think we'd better look for her in the Himalayas."

"And meanwhile what shall be done with Kidd?" asked Holmes.

"He ought to be expelled from the club," said Johnson.

"We can't expel him, because he's not a member," replied Raleigh.

"Then elect him," suggested Ward.

"What on earth for?" growled Johnson.

"So that we can expel him," said Ward.

And while Boswell's hero was trying to get the value of this notion through his head, the others repaired to the deck, and the *Gehenna* was soon under way once more. Meanwhile Captain Kidd and his fellows were put in irons and stowed away in the forecastle, alongside of the water-cask in which Shylock lay in hiding.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WHITE WOLF'S CRY.

We are the Chosen People—look at the hue of our skins!
Others are black or yellow—that is because of their sins.
We are the heirs of ages, masters of every race,
Proving our right and title by the bullet's saving grace;
Slaying the naked red man; making the black one our slave;
Flaunting our Color in triumph over a world-wide grave;
Wearing the lamb's pure vestment to the unsuspecting feast;
Flinging it off to show them the conquering Mark of the Beast.
Unto the tropic Edens, where shame was a thing unthought,
Bearing the fruit of knowledge with the serpent's venom fraught.
Indian, Maori, and Zulu; red man, and yellow, and black,
White are their bones wherever they met with the White Wolf's pack.
We are the Chosen People—whatever we do is right—
Feared as men fear the leper, whose skin, like our own, is White!

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

THE HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY OF THE FOUNDER OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

WELL might the preacher say, as did Dr. Faber, two years ago, of him who will always be to his people "the Old Kaiser," that he was called to traverse sorrow's depths as few have been; but that blessings were also vouchsafed him in a degree not given to many mortals. And if his descendants have studied the life of their ancestor—gentle, courageous, thoughtful for others, inflexible to real enemies, generous to the conquered, regarding his kingly duties as a trust, and giving back confidence to those by whom they were intrusted to him, silent under humiliation, and dignified in honors—if they have studied that great-grandfather, grandfather, father, and Emperor, to whom the nation has just dedicated a monument in Berlin, the quality that must stand out more clearly than any fact of his career is his *humanity!*

He was so brave, say his soldiers; he was so modest, say his ministers; he was so lovable, say his children; he was so kind, say his servants. All those characteristics but accentuate the truth that he was that which forever remains the finest thing this earth affords—a noble man.

Born on a bright spring morning in 1797, and of parents so simple in their tastes as to take their walk to the neighboring park arm in arm, and so fond of one another as to delight in using the homely *Du*, his nature seemed to partake of the sunshine of their early lives.

Such is the power of real simplicity and real devotion that neither the miseries that broke his mother's heart nor the thanklessness that attacked his own life were able to embitter a disposition that remained sweet to the last of his ninety-one years.

I am not sure whether the old officers who sat upon their horses during that blare of the trumpets and, as the cover fell away, looked up at the features of their chief, so beautifully done in stone by the sculptor Begas, were not recalling the man as much as the events; the silent force as well as the outward acts that made the German Empire.

From the end of one century to the end of another, and of two such centuries as the eighteenth and the nineteenth, comprises a sweep of progress from which the historian might start back abashed.

Napoleon alive and devastating Europe; and Wilhelm (second son of a second son of one of those kings whom Napoleon delighted to insult), a little boy, but not too little to remember. And how did Heaven help him to remember, in 1870!

Did the French recall that Bonaparte brutality of the past, when the conquering descendant of the queen who had suffered it, spared their city's Arc, every side of which testified to his mother's pain and his father's defeats?

In 1807, still a little boy, he is made an officer and strides at the head of his company, doubtless with the same sturdy thrust of the foot with which his great-grandsons have just marched up to their places in front of his statue.

In 1814 war, for him, has already begun. Within a month of seventeen he has been in battle; and before he is twenty-eight he is head of the Third Army Corps of all Prussia. At thirty-one, unable, as his contemporaries relate, to marry the lady whom he loves, because of the responsibilities of his birth, he obeys his father, and unites himself to the princess chosen for him, remaining a respectful and self-respecting, if not loving, husband to her to his life's end.

It is the fashion of our time to trifle with such self-sacrifices. But there is something impressive in the quiet renunciation of this prince. In his children, the first of whom, Frederick, was born in 1831, and the second, Louise, in 1838, he is as fortunate as so good a father deserved to be. Of the tragic destiny of the one, no friend of Germany can speak without tears; and the other, the Grand Duchess of Baden, stood at the head of his coffin in 1888 and turned back the covering from his face, saying aloud that she wished every one to see what a noble head her father had. With 1840 the death of his father makes him heir-apparent, his elder brother being childless, and from then until 1858 he is called Prince of Prussia instead of Prince William. In that year, the illness of the King rendering him incompetent, he is declared Regent, and is so accepted by the Prussian House.

In 1861 Frederick William the Fourth dies, and he becomes King, which a fanatic called Becker duly recognizes, a few months after his succession, by shooting at him, but happily without more serious result than a torn coat and collar. From his coronation, in 1865, to the proclamation of June, 1866, he is constantly engaged in warding off the attacks and covert unfaithfulness of Austria, and in July of that year begins, with the battle of Königgrätz, to make good his promise to change the so-called "tie" that united the German states into something which he described as "firmer and more sacred." In February of 1867 the promise approaches fulfilment by the opening of the Reichstag of the German Bund; and, in 1870, Gravelotte and Sedan, the Emperor of the French and thirty-nine of his generals taken prisoners, with the entry into Versailles, complete the hope of the unity of Germany.

In January, 1871, he requests Count Bismarck to address to "the German People" a proclamation that for dignity and simplicity is a model. One is reminded in reading it of the beauty and vigor of the speeches of Lincoln. "Uns aber"—so run the closing words—"uns aber und unsern Nachfolgern an der Kaiserkrone, wolle Gott verleihen, allezeit Mehrer des Deutschen Reiches zu sein, nicht im kriegerischen Eroberungen sondern an Gütern und Gaben des Friedens, auf dem Gebiete nationaler Wohlfahrt, Freiheit, und Stattung." In March of the same year the first Reichstag of United Germany is opened, and in June he makes the official entry into Berlin as Emperor, and disbands the active army. From 1873 till the end his life is a series of fruits after great toil, uninterrupted by dissonant notes, with two exceptions, when, in May, 1878, a tinner's apprentice, and in June of the same year a doctor of philosophy, attempt to assassinate him, both being unable to make very clear their reasons for it, and both also happily doing comparatively little harm. A few skirmishes with the Pope, Pius IX., and various sharp encounters of his ministers with the Social Democrats, numberless improvements in education, railways, interchange of commerce, and the general welfare of the nation, fill the remaining years of a reign incomparable in history. Had not the shadow of an awful grief clouded the last year of his life, none could have wished for a more beautiful exit.

The shadow fell, and the father of ninety-one was followed within three months by the son of fifty-seven, under circumstances too pathetic to recall.

This is the man whose figure in stone is to face for all time the old Schloss, as it was called in his day, and which he, touching hero that he was, thought too grand for him to live in. This is the ancestor whom the four boy princes, who stood at its feet and reviewed with their father 18,000 of the men sworn to die for them, may well imitate.

Of the work of Begas much may be said in admiration. He has certainly attained a strong likeness, and has caught the manner of the old Kaiser's seat in the saddle to the life. The four corners of the pedestal also are fine, though one might, perhaps, wish the projecting rests for the lions less mathematically arranged. But the woman's figure that leads the bridle with one hand and carries a palm in the other is a disturbing element. Surely the Kaiser himself stands for victory. No allegorical woman and no waving palms are needed. As time goes on I feel assured that Begas will himself wish that maiden away. It is a thousand pities, too, that the space in which the statue stands is not larger. But the exigencies of great cities cramp art as well as humanity.

The eight crimson banners stretched between the temporary pillars erected along the Linden and the pavilion built out from the wing of the castle, decorated with the same color and with gold, made a brilliant effect, which was heightened by the flashing of the helmets of the officers and the gay bonnets of the ladies.

The three days were ushered in by a beautiful service in the new memorial church, a truly fine building, and well worthy the admiration lavished upon it by the enthusiastic Berliner. It is also, indeed, such a departure from the staid, Lutheran, ponderous style of the past, as to make one fancy one's self in England rather than in Germany, save for the position of the royal box, directly to the right of, and on a level with, the chancel.

The tone of the marble used, the coloring of the walls and the windows, the exquisite proportions and the arrangement of the galleries, made an enchanting *ensemble*. The name is a little difficult for an English tongue to master, "Kaiser Wilhelm-Gedächtnisskirche," but the church itself is surpassingly beautiful. Of the third of the chief events, the Music-Play by Ernst von Wiedenbruch, it is difficult for a guest of the Opera-House to speak with appropriate fervor. But for the splendor of the scene, the perfection of detail with which every portion of the evening was arranged, the skill of the actors and singers, no words can be too strong. To one who has not seen a play upon a German stage for several years the pleasure was double; and I desire here to express my thanks to the gentlemen of the General-Intendantur, Count Hochberg and Herr von Pierson, for their courtesy in presenting me with one of the much-coveted "invitations."

The Empress, in a rose-colored gown, with diamonds and emeralds, was, in the evening, as she had been, in her violet street gown, in the morning, a charmingly graceful figure; and the superb uniforms of the guests in the royal box seemed exactly the right setting for it.

Wiedenbruch's play, or allegory, represents Germany torn in sunder by differences and jealousies—*i. e.*, Germany when it was a collection of states; Germany, roused by a maiden, whom he names *Seele;* Germany united by a hero, whose name, "Willehalm," gives the title to the play; and Germany in the present, indicated by a somewhat complicated dialogue between Willehalm and Seele, in the course of which Willehalm dies. The chief impression made by the piece upon a disinterested listener is that it is difficult to be a poet laureate.

A procession of the Bürger, an illumination of the streets, and a students' Fackelzug, have served to restore the gayety of the Berlin citizens, whose good temper was, not unnaturally, interrupted by being shut out of certain parts of their beloved street, Unter den Linden, for three days.

The most amusing incident of this National Festival has been the marching of the four boy princes, Wilhelm, the Crown-Prince, Eitel Fritz, Adalbert, and Oscar, each with the company of which he is an officer, and clad in the pointed helmet and long cloak of Frederick the Great's time, flinging his short legs in the furious attempt to keep step with the long, explosive, exaggerated goose-step of the men, now in use for parade.

The delightful earnestness of the young faces, and the almost despairing effort of the little legs of the fourth boy, were quite too much even for the royal father's gravity. But the charming little fellows did not blink, and took their places, one by one, beside the Emperor, standing the hour and a half of the review like a row of organ-pipes, motionless, save when saluting. MAYNARD BUTLER.

BERLIN, *March 24, 1897.*

THIS·BUSY·WORLD

Carter Henry Harrison, the new Mayor of Chicago, is the eldest son and namesake of his father, who was five times chosen Mayor of the same city, and was assassinated while serving his last term in 1893. The new Mayor is thirty-seven years old, and was graduated from the Yale Law School in 1893. He is a native of Chicago, and must be the first native-born Mayor that that young city has had. He travelled around the world with his father, and was acting as his private secretary when he was shot. He was managing editor of the Chicago *Times* for a time while his father owned that paper. He received over 145,000 votes for Mayor, which was more than double the number cast for any other candidate. He was the regular Democratic candidate. The platform on which he ran endorsed last year's Chicago National Democratic platform, arraigned and denounced the Republican local administration for various malfeasances during the last two years, opposed department stores, and demanded various local reforms, such as lower telephone rates, an eight-hour day in municipal labor, full compensation to the city for franchises, the same water-rates to rich and poor, clean streets and pure water in all parts of the city, and others, many of them apparently just and desirable. The platform wound up by praising Bryan and Altgeld for their services to humanity and Democracy.

CARTER H. HARRISON.

A strong sentiment against the Republican local machine contributed to Mr. Harrison's victory. Judge Sears, the regular Republican candidate, received only 60,000 votes, while Mr. Harlan, who headed the Independent Republican ticket, received 68,000. Mr. Harrison himself says he regards his election as a triumph of municipal reform, and there seems to be no doubt that the controlling issues were local, and that national questions, and the silver question especially, played a minor part in the election.

There have been frequent inquiries these last ten days about the powers of an Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Capital, with its traditional timidity, is particularly desirous to know. Substantial-looking persons, with foreheads seamed by new anxieties, have been seen buttonholing one another, and giving and receiving information about such matters as whether an Assistant Secretary of the Navy can send a ship anywhere without asking leave; whether his orders *go* in the navy; whether he may address Congress, either in writing or orally; whether he has to do with the buying of ships, and so on. Even in Washington, where there is so much more acquaintance with details of this sort than in New York, these questions excite interest, which has been shared, it seems, even by Mr. Long, the new head of the Navy Department. The papers had it the other day that Mr. Long had been reading and revising the regulations of his department, and that the one of them which until very recently read,

> The Assistant Secretary will exercise a general supervision over the bureaus of the Navy Department and those branches of the establishment acting thereunder, and will perform such specific duties as may be prescribed by the Secretary or required by law. All orders issued by the Assistant Secretary will be considered as orders of the Secretary, and will be respected accordingly.

now merely sets forth that the Assistant Secretary shall do what the law or the Secretary prescribes, and that his orders shall carry authority when the Secretary is absent.

Mr. Roosevelt ought to feel highly complimented by the general belief in his ferocious valor which all these inquiries and precautions imply. When you hear that one of the neighbors is to have a new watch-dog, and in passing that neighbor's house you see him standing over the anvil in his back yard strengthening all the weak links in his dog-chain, you may make up your mind that the new dog is a dog of war, and diligent in his business. So all this concern about due restraints for the Assistant in the Navy indicates entire confidence in his ardor if there should come a chance to let him loose.

Mr. Roosevelt will be very much missed in New York. There is much that might be said to his credit about his labors here, but the conditions under which he has had to work make the subject a sad one. No one can blame him if his reluctance in leaving the four-headed police commission is qualified by relief. Inasmuch as he is able, energetic, and devoted to the best interests of any department of government in which he takes service, there is every reason to expect that his career in the Navy Department will be useful and comparatively serene.

Some very interesting newspaper stories come from Omaha about an air-ship, which is reported to have been skylarking about by night in the empyrean near that town. There have been several tales about it. The first of them took note of mysterious lights which moved strangely in the sky. Next the lights were seen again, and the hypothesis of an air-ship was developed. Still more recently the ship seems to have been viewed, and that by a considerable number of people. A despatch, dated April 6, and published in various papers (the *Sun* for one), says the supposed air-ship was seen in Omaha the night before by crowds, and that one hundred names of persons who saw it could be procured. Some names were given, and that sounds explicit; but still some journals that are very loath to miss a bit of news seem to fight shy of this tale, and it seems still unsafe to accept it. All that one may venture to be sure of is that if some one has perfected an air-ship that will carry him, he must be having a lot of fun with it, and will probably take his time about sharing his secret with the rest of us.

It is surprising that a busy man like Congressman Bailey, of Texas, should be able to devote so much time as he does to questions of raiment. It appears that he has firmly resolved never to wear a dress-coat, unless he should be President or Secretary of State. His objection to the claw-hammer coat is not so much specific as relative. He dislikes what he thinks it stands for, to wit, social dissipations. He does not wish to be a diner-out in Washington, and he carefully cultivates an abhorrence for the conventional male evening garb in order that he may always have an excuse for declining invitations. He cannot conceive, he says, how public men, and young ones especially, who need to study, can find time to attend to their duties and still gad about in the evening and go to dinners.

He is not the first member of Congress who has found the day too short for his labors, and has marvelled at his fellows who find time to play; but while he may be excusable in scorning such delights as terrapin and ladies' conversation, he is wrong in discountenancing the dress-coat. That garment, though in Texas it may seem frivolous and aristocratic, is really the most democratic of all the incidents of garb. It saves money, because it never goes out of fashion; it saves time, because the man who accepts it never afterwards need spend a thought on what he shall wear after sundown; and so far as the exterior is concerned, it makes all men as nearly equal as any garment can. It is the friend of every man who has a mind above raiment, and Mr. Bailey does not do well to reject it.

Mr. Bryan, the late free-silver candidate for the Presidency, is reported to have set his heart on having Congress buy Monticello, the home and burial-place of Jefferson, and make a national park of it like Mount Vernon. It is not quite apparent what Jefferson ever did for silver that Mr. Bryan should be so attached to his memory, but the attachment seems to exist. The expediency, however, of acting on Mr. Bryan's motion in regard to Monticello is not entirely clear. While it might be an advantage to Mr. Bryan's pretensions as a Democratic leader that he should be recognized as an admirer of Jefferson and a defender and preserver of his fame, it is not at all certain that it would help the fame of Jefferson as a Democratic sage to have a person of Mr. Bryan's opinions conspicuously recognized as his disciple and political heir. Monticello is in good hands now. Mr. Jefferson Levy, who owns it, values it chiefly because of its associations, and maintains it rather as the home of Jefferson than as a private domicile. Since Jefferson died the Levy family has owned the place, and has dealt with it with such a consideration for the interest of the public in it that their wishes in regard to its ownership are entitled to very great respect. The great park at Monticello is always open to the public, and most of the time visitors are admitted to the house also. If Mr. Levy wanted to sell the place, the government might do well to buy it; but he doesn't. He wants to keep it, and apparently he has both the means and the disposition to maintain it as a quasi-public memorial of Jefferson. He seems to have done a great deal better by Jefferson's memory than Mr. Bryan has, and Congress would probably hesitate to legislate him out of a holding which he appears to have administered with liberality and public spirit, and from which he has no desire to be relieved.

The friends of Helen Keller want to raise $50,000 as an endowment-fund to be safely invested and the interest applied to her support and the maintenance of her teacher, Miss Sullivan. Nearly half of this amount has been already subscribed. Further gifts are desired, and may be sent to Mrs. Laurence Hutton, 229 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York. Subscriptions are also received by Dr. David H. Greer, and Messrs. J. Hampden Robb, W. D. Howells, Charles Dudley Warner, and Edward King.

Helen Keller is too well known for a description of her to be necessary. No one who has seen her can ever forget her, and thousands who have not seen her have read about her, and know that though she has been entirely blind and deaf since she was nineteen months old, she can read, write, speak in English, French, and German, and understand what is said to her by placing her fingers on the speaker's lips. When you have seen her you have come as near *seeing* a human soul as you are likely to come in this world. She is preparing to enter Radcliffe College, Cambridge, and it is desired to place her future on such a financial basis that her education and the continuing development of her faculties may be assured.

The duel is one of the contemporary things which is best done nowadays in France. The perfect duel is the one that affords the most entertainment and miscellaneous satisfaction to the greatest number at the least cost of risk, inconvenience, and blood. A beautiful duel occurred on the 17th of March at a race-course near Paris, between the Chevalier Pini and M. Albert Thomaguez. Two or three hundred guests were present, and the proceedings were recorded for future reference by a kinetoscope machine. The weapons were swords, and the encounter was terminated by a scratch, which satisfied proprieties without hurting any one. It is interesting to recall that on the same day, several thousand miles away from Paris, the kinetoscope machine was being used to make a record of a prize-fight. That use of it was considered somewhat novel and highly enterprising; but, dear! dear! what a vain hope it is to be more contemporaneous than the French!

Dr. Henry M. Field, of the *Evangelist*, and Dr. Edward Everett Hale are the same age to a day. Both were born on April 3, 1822, and both were seventy-five years old on the 3d of this month. It pleases them that their years are equal, and the fact that they have but one birthday between them has formed one of many ties that have helped to maintain a long-continued intimacy. Dr. Field sends the **Weekly** the last birthday letter he received from Dr. Hale. It is dated at Washington, and begins, "My dear young friend." In the course of it Dr. Hale says:

> Frankly, I ought to say that I am hardly conscious that I am an old man. I sometimes think it would be better if I looked in the glass more often. I am, when I think of it, quite aware that I do not see myself as others see me.
>
> I think I enjoy life more than I did fifty years ago. I am sure that some things, which I cannot manage, fret me less than they did then. And I am quite sure that I see better how man, the child, can be a fellow-worker with God, the Father, than I did then. Such a co-worker has, of course, infinite power—so far forth. And he who has that is apt to be cheerful. I try to learn to let younger men, and the women of their age, do the hard work of the world. I try to confine myself to giving them advice and encouragement, but do not always succeed.

Judging from Dr. Hale's mood and philosophy, it is a remunerative experience to be seventy-five years old, provided the preliminary steps are well taken. The letter winds up with Dr. Hale's expressions of regard for his "dear twin brother." "So he calls me his twin brother," says Dr. Field. "I am very proud of *my* twin brother, and he, to judge from his letter, seems well satisfied with his."

Long life to these brethren, and many cheerful returns of their joint birthday!

It is tree-planting time, and the Tree-Planting Association of New York city has encouraged its members to good works by issuing to them a leaflet with two pictures on it, one a New York street (West 128th Street), lined with trees in leaf, the other of one of the ordinary treeless residence streets further down town. The street with trees in it is certainly much the more attractive, and the Association hopes that the contrast between that and the other one will stimulate house-owners to have trees started in front of their dwellings. To any one who applies at the office of the Association (64 White Street) names of nursery-men who plant trees will be furnished, together with statements of the cost of the work. A moderate sum of money pays for planting a suitable tree in suitable earth, and for insuring its life for a reasonable time.

Mr. Daniel G. Griffin, of Watertown, New York, who died on April 7, will be best remembered by readers of the **Weekly** as the candidate for Governor in this State last fall on the sound-money Democratic ticket. He was born in 1848, in Jefferson County, where he grew up and spent the whole of his life. Ever since Tilden's time he had been a Democratic leader in his county. He held a number of important offices by appointment. In 1895 the Democratic nomination for Attorney-General was offered him, but he declined it. There has never been a surplus of Democrats of his quality in the State, and his death at forty-nine is much lamented.

Dr. J. Ackerman Coles, of Newark, New Jersey, has chosen a wise method of keeping green the memory of his father, the late Dr. Abraham Coles. He has offered to the State of New Jersey Huntington's picture of "The Good Samaritan," painted in 1853 for Marshall O. Roberts, to be hung in the State House. Governor Griggs has accepted the offer, and New Jersey will get an admirable painting in memory of a good and distinguished citizen. Dr. Abraham Coles lived in Newark, and was at one time president of the Medical College of New Jersey. He was an LL.D. of Princeton and the author of several books.

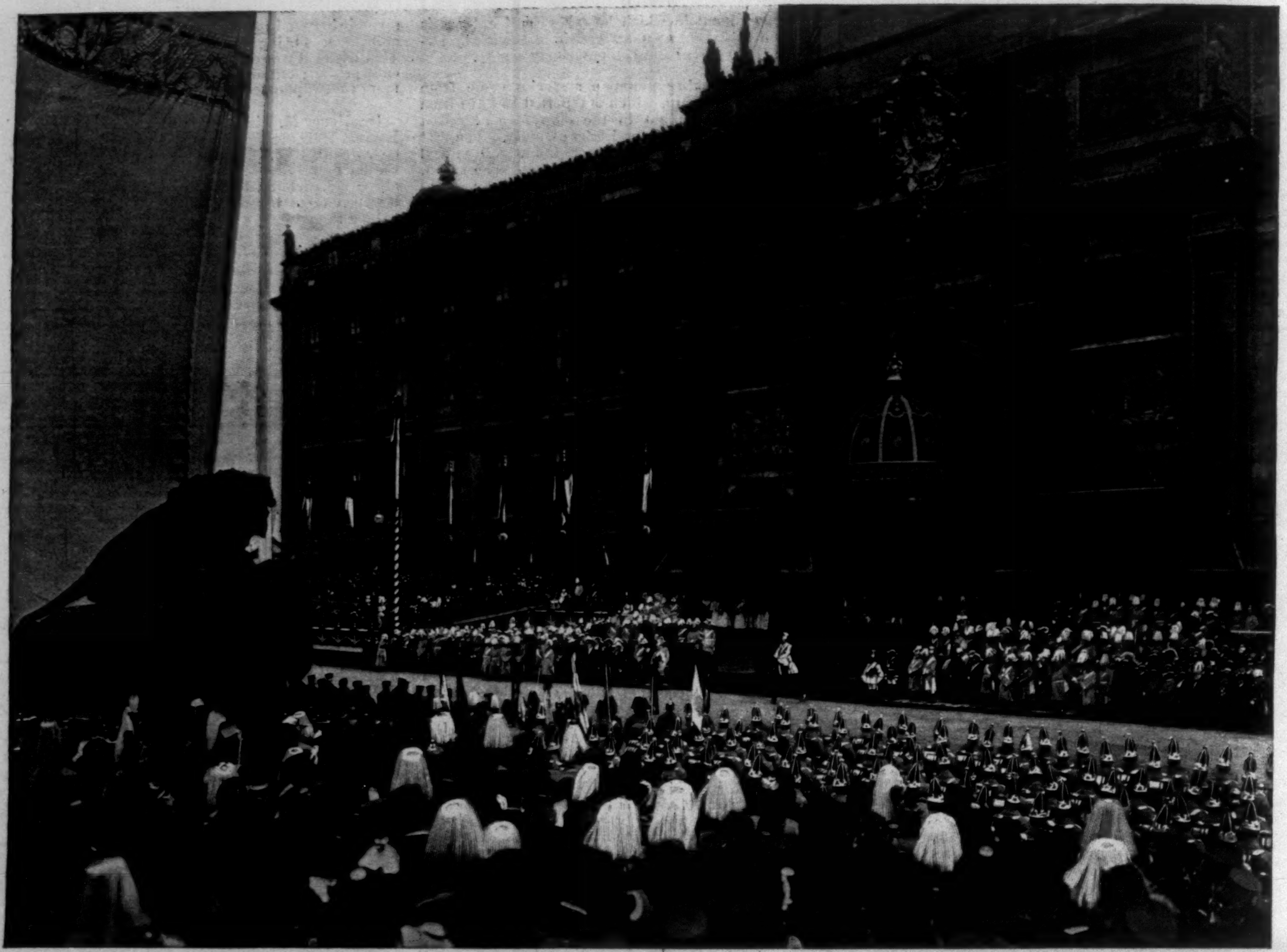
On April 1 the Crerar Library was opened in temporary quarters on the sixth floor of the Marshall Field building on Wabash Avenue, Chicago. John Crerar died in 1889, and left his estate, after payment of many bequests, to found a free public library. It took five years to get through the fight over the will and pay the bequests, and early in 1895 the library was organized. It was determined that, taking the existing Chicago libraries into account, the new one would be a free public reference library of scientific literature. The endowment is about $2,500,000. The directors determined not to encroach upon it for building purposes, but to accumulate a building fund out of the income. Accordingly, a certain sum is annually set aside for that purpose (it already amounts to $100,000), and meanwhile the library is to grow and be used in hired quarters. There are now three great libraries in Chicago—the Newberry, the Crerar, and the Chicago Public. It is gratifying to know that there is careful and intelligent co-operation between them, and that the development of each is planned to supplement rather than rival the development of the others.

The institution for the promotion of thrift which is known as the Penny Provident Fund of the City of New York reports that it had 53,449 depositors this year, who put by $31,305 44. The Fund is pleased with the results of its work, and anxious to extend it. It has 321 stations, many of them in other cities, and some even as far away as Chicago. It not only teaches children to save money, but it helps to keep them from spending it for injurious trash, such as cigarettes and candy.

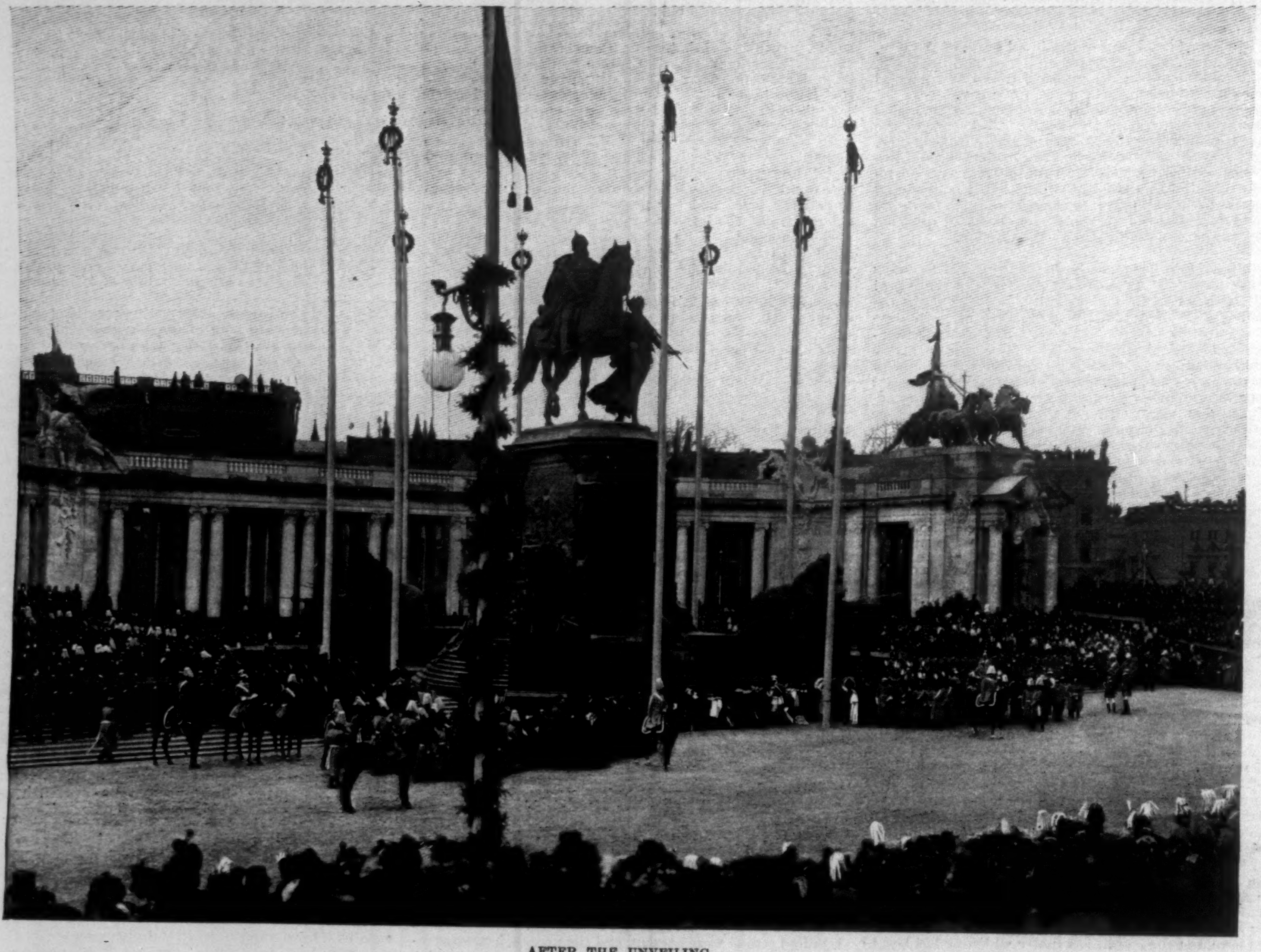
The failure of the firm of E. S. Dean & Co., involving an apparent loss to somebody of about $1,000,000, illustrates once more how great a multitude of gudgeons there are who live ashore, and how extremely prevalent and acute is the desire to get something for nothing.

London Truth notes that the list of thirty-seven persons who have subscribed to the opera season in London this year includes twelve Hebrews, five Americans, and five directors of the Chartered Company of South Africa. *Truth* finds this list "curious as showing the composition of society to-day."

E. S. Martin.



IN FRONT OF THE MONUMENT JUST BEFORE THE SIGNAL FOR UNVEILING.
Showing the Emperor on his Horse, and the Empress, the Dowager-Empress Frederick, and the youngest two Princes, August Wilhelm and Joachim, in the Royal Box.



AFTER THE UNVEILING.
The Empress, the Dowager-Empress Frederick, and the youngest Prince (Joachim) have just crossed over from the Royal Box opposite, and have laid Wreaths upon the Steps of the Pedestal. The Emperor has just ridden down the Line, to return to take up his Position in front of the Monument to review the Troops, his four Sons, Frederick William (Crown-Prince), Eitel Fritz, Adalbert, and Oscar taking their Position at his Left, and the King of Saxony at his Right.

SCENES AT THE UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT TO EMPEROR WILLIAM I., AT BERLIN, MARCH 22.—[See Page 382.]

THE ENLARGED GRAND CENTRAL RAILROAD STATION, BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN.

THE GREATER NEW YORK.

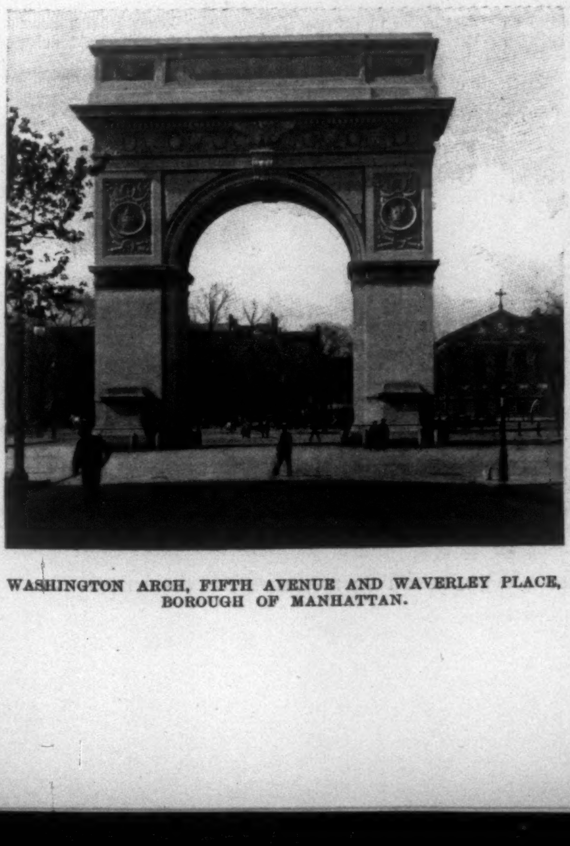
BY FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

ALTHOUGH the enlarged city of New York, generally known as Greater New York, will not come into existence until January next, the people of the communities to be united regard it as an accomplished fact. Many thoughtful advocates of the project find in the prospect of the future the full justification for their earnest support. There may be glaring crudities in the new charter; grievous burdens arising from inequalities in the plan of taxation may exist; confusion in administration may arise for a time, but nevertheless Greater New York has come already, and has come to stay. It has come, first of all, because the march of events demanded it. The metropolis of the New World has needed room not only for its business life, but for its homes. The city has stretched northward until it has become long and thin, physically unlike any other large municipality in the world. Its business has crowded its homes out of town. It has tried to find room for itself by pushing itself up into the air. Mammoth office buildings have reared themselves in the city's congested marts. Its residents have come to live not in single dwellings, but on floors and parts of floors. Except for a narrow strip along the centre of the older part of town, the people are housed in layers. This is European rather than American. The time has come for the city to burst its bonds.

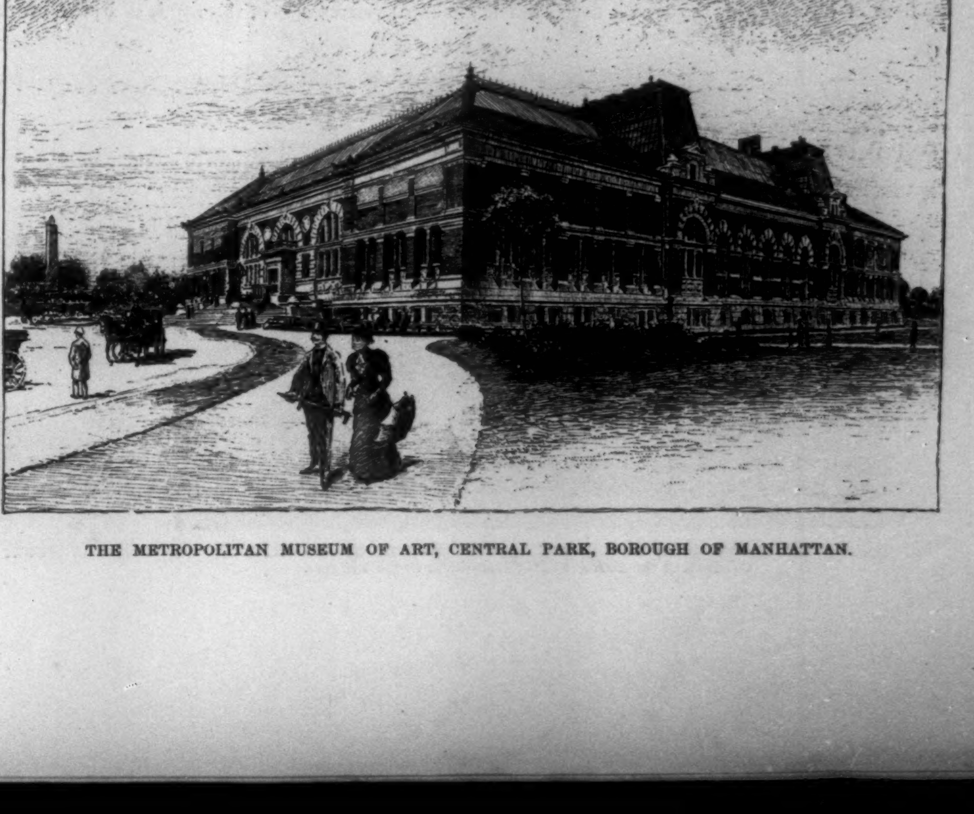
Tens of thousands of its merchants and its solid business men have fled at night from the hive of industry and have found comfort in Brooklyn, Staten Island, beyond the Harlem, and in New Jersey. New York has come to be a place in which to strive and toil. Its moving spirit is chiefly, almost solely, commercial. Every street—indeed, one might say, nearly every block—has been given over to money-making. For years and years it has been a reproach to the city that it has had no local pride, and, strange to say, it has been the one city in the United States that lacked, or seemed to lack, even local news. There is no really splendid street or boulevard within its borders. It has a matchless harbor and water-front. It contains a beautiful public park. Its architecture, especially its newer specimens, is inspiring. But, aside from these and the life that attends the production and the distribution of enormous wealth, its attractiveness as a place of residence has been diminishing steadily. Greater New York has come because New York has desired room in which to live under improved conditions of municipal life.

Greater New York therefore means something more than a desire to be big, bigger, biggest. Although the element of size has much to do with the progress and supremacy of a commercial centre, and although that fact should not be disparaged, it is really a matter of secondary importance. Greater New York is already one community. That it has been composed of several cities instead of one arises simply because of its peculiar topography.

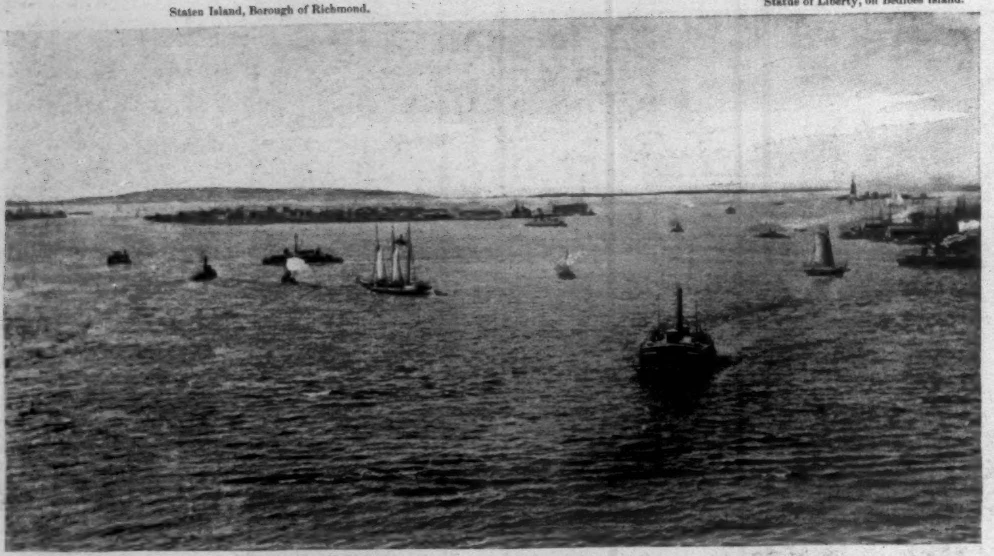
The harbor of New York called the separate communities into existence, and now has unified them. Being one community, its people have demanded that the great problem of caring for its varied public interests shall be extended from Manhattan Island throughout its borders; that in matters pertaining to public health, public education, police regulations, fire administration, street-cleaning, sewerage, means of transit, the development of a park system, the construction of boulevards and splendid streets, and other duties of municipal administration, there shall be a harmonious and broad spirit. Greater New York means still more than this. It means that some of the great problems of municipal government, which for decades to come will probably vex and torment lovers of good government in this country, will be worked out in the enlarged city within a few years—perhaps a generation. Municipal government is a different plant in this country from what it is abroad. Different conditions enter into its existence, and a different solution must be made of its problems. One of the most important of these problems for Greater New York is the question of primary and secondary education. With the enlarged city there will come in time a demand for a complete reconstruction of the school system, and that demand will be respected. Within a year it has been heard in New York city. It will be heard in Greater New York, and when respected perhaps the fairest flower of the community will bloom; for a system of education will then be in force that will mean not only the enlightenment of the people on a comprehensive scale, but a system that means intelligent citizenship—a citizenship that will respect the



WASHINGTON ARCH, FIFTH AVENUE AND WAVERLEY PLACE, BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN.



THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, CENTRAL PARK, BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN.


Staten Island, Borough of Richmond.
Statue of Liberty, on Bedloes Island.
Governors Island.

NEW YORK HARBOR—LOOKING SOUTHWEST FROM BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

rights and property of others, and at the same time seek to obtain the fullest liberty of the individual.

SOME STATISTICS OF THE GREATER CITY.

A few statistics, gathered from estimates made by the Greater New York Commission and from trustworthy newspapers, reveal some of the physical characteristics of this enlarged city. It will be second in size and population in the world. London has an area of 688 square miles, and a population of about 5,500,000. New York's area will be 360 square miles, and its population on January next will be from 3,200,000 to 3,400,000. The area of Chicago is 180 square miles, and that of Philadelphia is 129 square miles. New York will contain nearly a million more people than Paris, the third largest city in the world. The new city will contain all of three counties, New York, Kings, and Richmond, and parts of two others, Queens and Westchester, although, strictly speaking, that part of Westchester which it will contain was annexed in 1895. The greatest length of the city will be about 35 miles, stretching from the southern extremity of Staten Island to Mount St. Vincent, on the edge of Yonkers. The new city will extend from the ocean-front over all of Staten Island, across the western end of Long Island, up through Manhattan Island, to the city limits of Yonkers and Mount Vernon. It will have 3000 miles of streets, one-third of which are now paved. Its railroads, surface and elevated, will have a length of about 1200 miles. The total assessed value of property in the city will be more than $2,000,000,000. The annual budget will amount to $60,000,000. The combined indebtedness will reach about $170,000,000. There will be a capacity for 550 miles of wharfage. There will be 130,000 buildings used as dwellings, 37,000 buildings used for business purposes, 1100 churches, 1100 hotels, 350 public schools, 6500 acres of parks, a civil list approaching the size of a moderate army. It will have a school population of 450,000. Its mercantile and manufacturing interests will lie chiefly along its harbor frontage. Its artisans will dwell in proximity to its factories, but its merchants, professional men, and men of leisure will live in the more distant parts of the city.

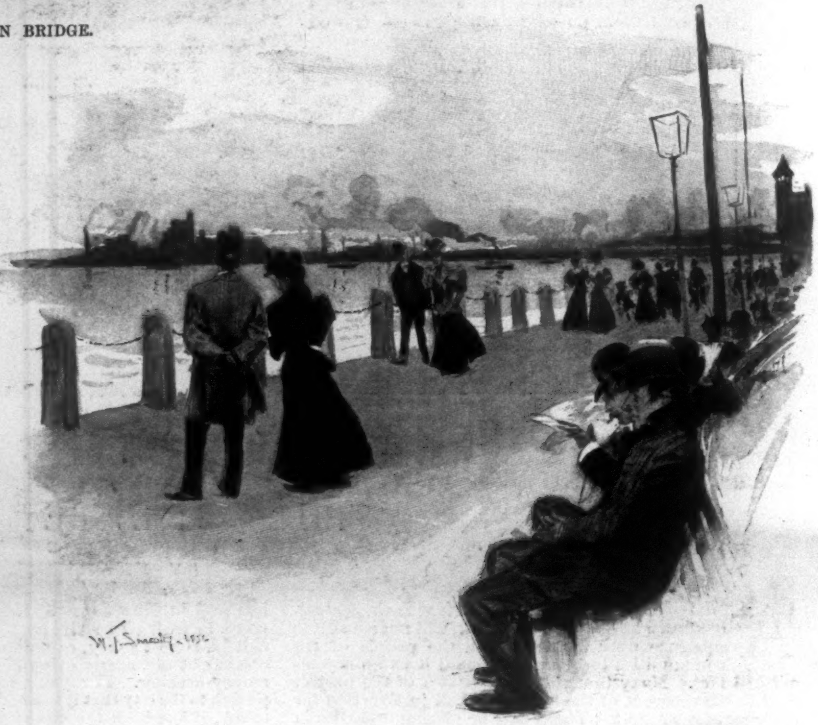
GREAT IMPROVEMENTS UNDER WAY.

Already plans exist to make the various communities which will compose Greater New York vastly more attractive than at present as places of residence. Especially is this true of that part of the present New York lying north of the Harlem River, and which will be known as the Borough of the Bronx. It is in this region that the people of the present New York are to find their homes. Nature has been prodigal of her gifts there. Its soil is rich, and its topography varied. For five years a study of the proper development of the region has been going on, with especial regard to the preservation of its physical characteristics. Almost in the centre of the region runs a crest for nearly five miles, commanding superb views of the beautiful Long Island Sound, and the stately Hudson River and its splendid Palisades. To have graded this crest down into the valleys in accordance with old-time notions of laying out a city would have been a sacrilege of nature. It is along this crest, following its undulations and its graceful curvings, that probably the most beautiful boulevard in the world is to be built. Provision has already been made by the Legislature for its acquirement. One-half of the property has been examined by road juries, and the assessment of benefits and damages completed. On August 24 next the title for the entire ridge will pass into the possession of the present city of New York.

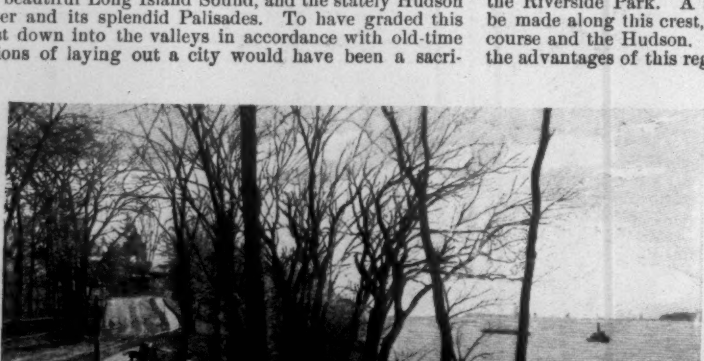
The cost of finishing this noble highway will be about $10,000,000. It will be 182 feet wide, and will be divided into driveways, bicycle paths, and walks. The cross streets and avenues will run under it. It will be a magnificent boulevard, four miles and a quarter long. Approaches from the various Harlem River bridges will lead to it, and it will run direct to the Mosholu Parkway, the connecting link between Van Cortlandt Park and other parks, which, with this Grand Boulevard and Concourse, are to make the crowning glory of the Borough of the Bronx. With an improvement of the system of transit, this region, by the very nature of things, must eventually become the abiding-place of the people of large wealth. Every street in the region has been laid out subject to its problems of sewage and topography. The east side of this region—that part recently annexed from Westchester County, lying east of the Bronx River, and skirting the Sound—will be residence-place for the artisan class. Its topography is level in character, and its streets will be laid out in plan embodying the characteristics of the streets of the present city of Washington. That part lying west of the Bronx will retain its present physical characteristics. Along the western edge is the continuation of the crest of the Riverside Park. A splendid highway will probably be made along this crest, running parallel with the Concourse and the Hudson. Already are the people alive to the advantages of this region as a place of residence. In the year 1896 nearly one-third of the real-estate transfers of the city of New York were made there. More than 50 per cent. of the building operations in 1896 were conducted in that territory, and the value of these operations aggregated 15 per cent. of the operations in the entire city of New York.

Truly, in a generation will this region be the object of the local pride of the entire city. The palatial homes of its millionaires must front on its Concourse, the most splendid boulevard of the world. It will have its great business street, Jerome Avenue. The University of the City of New York has already settled in the centre of the region. Other public institutions will undoubtedly find a home there. Its forest growth will remain practically undisturbed. The splendid parks, Van Cortlandt, Bronx, and Pelham Bay, representing of themselves a space of nearly 4000 acres, will attract the people there to live. A great botanical garden and a splendid zoological garden will be established in the picturesque Bronx Park, a place already made rarely beautiful by Nature. A noble boulevard will probably be constructed along the winding shore of the Sound from Throgs Neck to Pelham Bay Park. A street already laid out and to be known as the Southern Boulevard will curve around the lower and eastern sides of the region, affording access from the boroughs of Manhattan and the southern part of the Bronx to the more picturesque parts of the department. Fifty years from now there will probably be no more beautiful place in which to live than in the Borough of the Bronx. It now contains a population of two hundred thousand. The time is not far distant when it will contain a million or more.

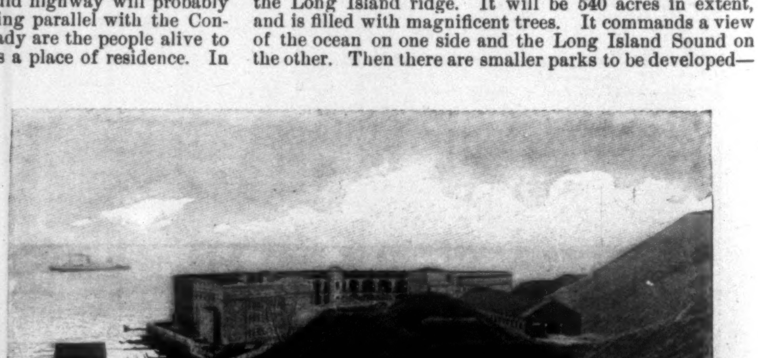
Nor is the present New York to be neglected in the development of its attractions. Its streets are being improved all the time. The Harlem Speedway, a small affair compared with the Concourse, but nevertheless a splendid highway, will preserve to a large extent the beauties of the west bank of the Harlem River. It is planned to build a viaduct across 125th Street close to the Hudson, and thus continue the beauty of the Riverside Park and Drive up along the heights of the river. In Brooklyn a splendid system of park improvement is now under way. The chief glory of Brooklyn is already its beautiful Prospect Park, a spot in which Nature has been lavish of her gifts. Far out in the Eastern District of the city will be the great Brooklyn Forest Park, lying on the crest of the Long Island ridge. It will be 540 acres in extent, and is filled with magnificent trees. It commands a view of the ocean on one side and the Long Island Sound on the other. Then there are smaller parks to be developed—



BATTERY PARK, BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN, OVERLOOKING NEW YORK HARBOR.



THE SHORE ROAD ALONG BAY RIDGE, BOROUGH OF BROOKLYN.
Overlooking the Narrows—Fort Wadsworth in the Distance.



FORT WADSWORTH, BOROUGH OF RICHMOND (STATEN ISLAND).

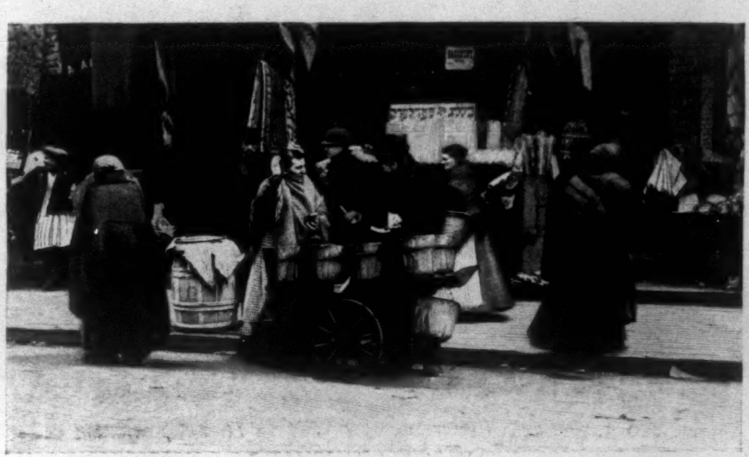
THE BRONX RIVER NEAR WILLIAMS BRIDGE.

BELOW THE DAM ON THE BRONX RIVER.

SCENES IN BRONX PARK, BOROUGH OF THE BRONX.

parks fronting on bay and ocean. Altogether Brooklyn will have more than 1500 acres of beautiful park land. A splendid avenue, the Shore Drive, is to be constructed along the Narrows and upper New York Bay.

Staten Island is of itself parklike in character. It sits at the gateway of the harbor. Its centre lifts itself high above the water, and contains a superb forest growth. Along the shores of this department of the new city the commerce of the port in time will group itself. Railroads from the West will find room there for the erection of elevators, where the produce of the West may be transferred direct from the cars to the hold of steamships, and thus avoid the expense of a double handling in port. Back from the water-front will lie the homes of those who desire a beautiful outlook from their dwellings. It is a region which adapts itself at once to intelligent landscape development, and when the greater city shall have approached its destiny as a place in which to live as well as to work, the wisdom of including Staten Island within its borders will become apparent.



THE HEBREW QUARTER OF NEW YORK, HESTER STREET NEAR ORCHARD, BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN.

It is well also to note what the immediate future has in store in the greater city in the way of notable public buildings. From the Morningside ridge in the Harlem district the Columbia University buildings, conceived on a broad scale of architectural and æsthetic symmetry, will be reared, an educational light to all the world. Adjacent to this university a splendid cathedral will lift its head, symbolic of the religious sentiment of the city. Two splendid museums, one devoted to natural history and the other to art, will supplement the natural beauties of Central Park. In Bryant Square the magnificent Public Library, central in location and devoted to culture in its best sense, will be established. The Grant Tomb will be seen from afar on the bank of the Hudson. In Brooklyn, on the edge of Prospect Park, the famous Brooklyn Institute, a centre of vast influence in education, and appealing directly to the refinement of the masses, will be housed in a palace of classic outline and treatment. It is probable that no attempt will ever be made to remove the present beautiful City Hall of New York city. The attractive aquarium in Battery Park will be improved from time to time, and Liberty Island will always remain a favorite resort.

So much for the new city from the present outlook. It is entirely reasonable to suppose that in time several bridges will span the East River. A second one is now in process of erection, and provision has been made for another. Consolidation will bring a demand for ample transit facilities, probably the greatest factor in the development of any municipality. The bridge across the Hudson undoubtedly will be built, bringing the great trunk railroads, with the exception of the New York Central system, into a central station. The New York Central Railroad is preparing to enlarge its present station on Forty-second Street, and make it one of the largest in the world. It has already improved its approaches through the city, in keeping not only with its own demands, but also with the character of a metropolis. It is not a stretch of imagination to fancy a bridge across the Narrows in the neighborhood of the great fortifications of the harbor, forming a means of sure access from the borough of Richmond to the rest of the city at all times. A comprehensive system of transit between the component parts of the city will come in time. Only through consolidation will this be effected and will divergent interests be harmonized.

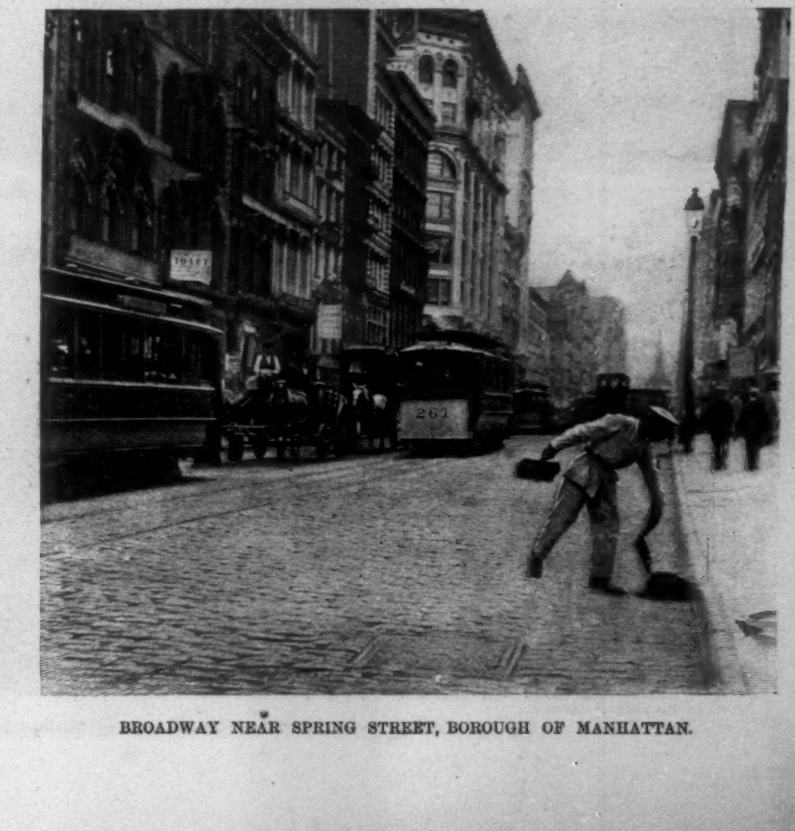
THE GOVERNMENT OF THE ENLARGED CITY.

The government of this great city will be an experiment in municipal life in the United States. The much-desired boon of home-rule will be put in force. A semblance of local government in each of the separate communities that compose the new city will be kept up. The city will be divided into five boroughs—Manhattan, the present city of New York below the Harlem River; Brooklyn, the present city of Brooklyn, composing the entire county of Kings; Queens, all that part of Long Island in the new city not included in Brooklyn Borough; Richmond, the territory included in Staten Island; Bronx, commonly known as the "Annexed District" of the present New York, lying above the Harlem and reaching from the Hudson to the Sound, and to the city limits of Yonkers and Mount Vernon.

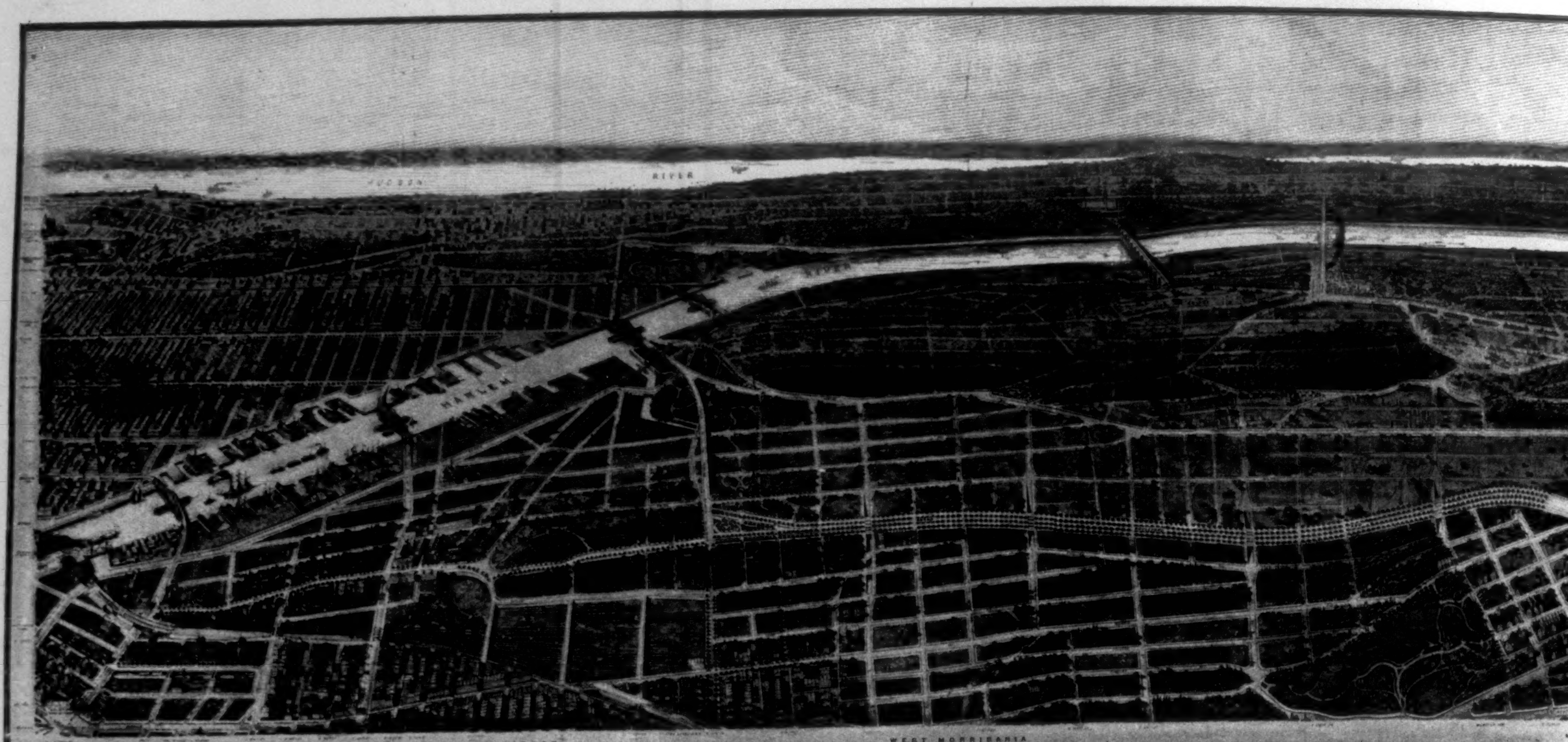
There will be two great elective offices, the Mayoralty and the Comptrollership. Each official will serve for four years. A municipal legislature, consisting of two houses, will provide for the ordinary development of the city. The upper house will be known as the City Council. It will have twenty-nine members, one chosen from each of the present State Senate districts, and representing on an average a population of about 350,000. The lower house will be the Board of Aldermen, and will consist of sixty members, elected one from each of the present Assembly districts. A new feature in the city's municipal life will be the Board of Public Improvements, consisting of the heads of all the great departments of the city which naturally are associated with such work, and the chief officers of the city. No great scheme of public improvement can be undertaken without the approval of this board and the approval of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment—a feature of New York municipal life which has always worked well—the city legislature, and the Mayor. The ex-Mayors of the city will have a seat in the upper branch of the legislature during life, and the heads of departments will have a seat in the lower branch while they hold office. For six months after taking office the Mayor will have power of removal of all the chief appointive officers. The Fire Department will have a single head. The Police Department will preserve that present monstrosity a bipartisan commission of four members. The politicians demanded that plan in the interest of deals and spoils politics. It will probably work out its own cure. The Department of Docks will consist of three commissioners. The present features of the educational system of each of the boroughs will be retained, until a more comprehensive system can be established, after thorough consideration and profound study; but temporarily there will be a central Board of Education, with general supervision over the interests of public education. The Health Department will consist of five commissioners. Three commissioners will be at the head of the Department of Parks. One man will have charge of the bridges. There will be three Building Commissions, so as to secure proper adjustment to the varied building regulations at present in force in the coming boroughs. No franchise affecting the streets may be given away hereafter. Franchises will be put up at auction, and will be in force for only a limited number of years. There will be three Commissioners of Charities and one Commissioner of Correction. There will be twenty districts of local improvements, and a president of each borough. Improvements the cost of which are assessable directly upon the communities which they affect will find their origin in the various borough boards, thus preserving not only direct home-rule, but that truly American institution local self-government. Further details of the scheme of government are not necessary in an article of this scope.

From the foregoing it may be seen what Greater New York really means. With so much to appeal to the eye and reason, the reproach of a lack of local pride undoubtedly will cease to exist in the near future. New York always has had and always has displayed a proper spirit of local pride when the occasion demanded its exhibition. The exercises at the Grant Tomb this month will be sufficient evidence of that. It is not a pride that manifests itself in bluster; it is a pride that takes legitimate satisfaction in the city's existence and prowess. The city is a centre already of magnificent charity and good works. To achieve its manifest destiny it demands the greater city. Defects in its charter may be remedied in time. If it is to rise to its full opportunities, now is the time for its enlargement. Delay might not only be costly, but fatal.

With so much to stimulate its local pride—its fine harbor, its magnificent system of parks, its great university and cathedral, its numerous public institutions, its architecture, its harmonious system of government—New York will not only be a place of overtowering commercial importance, but will be a magnificent city in which to live. Its promoters are building not so much for the present as for the future; not so much for those who are living now as for the millions yet unborn.

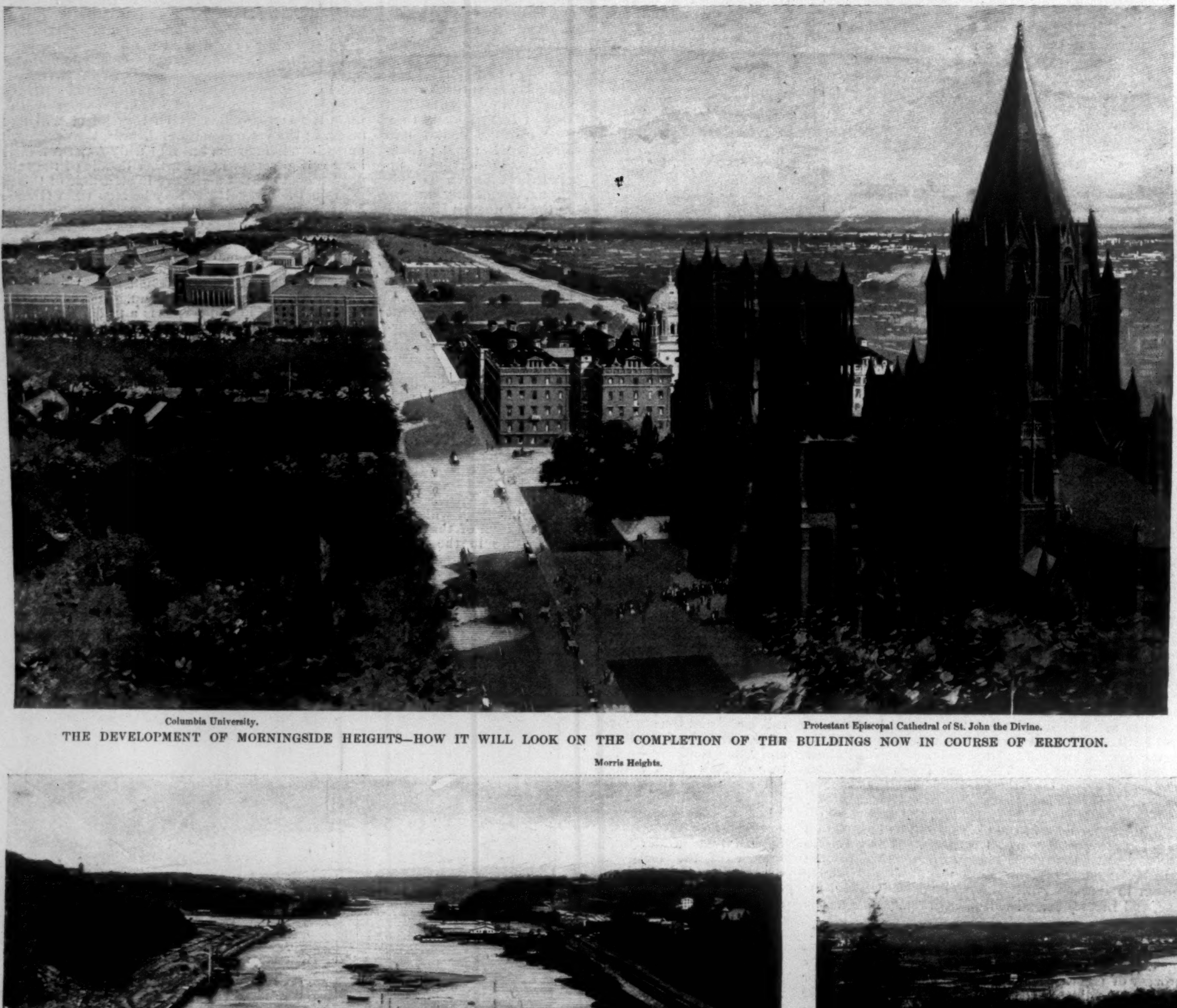


BROADWAY NEAR SPRING STREET, BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN.



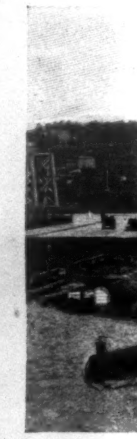
PANORAMIC VIEW IN THE BOROUGH OF THE BRONX, SHOWING THE PROPOSED GRAND BOULEVARD AND CONC

Barnard College. Grant's Tomb. Teachers' College. St. Luke's Hospital.



Columbia University. Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS—HOW IT WILL LOOK ON THE COMPLETION OF THE BUILDINGS NOW IN COURSE OF ERECTION.

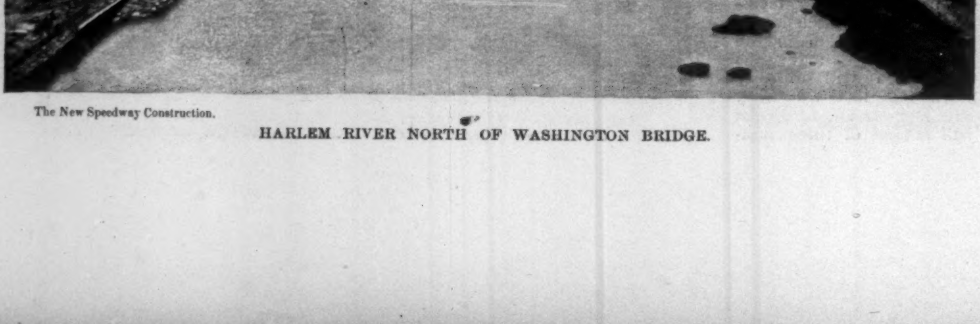


THE NEW

The New Speedway

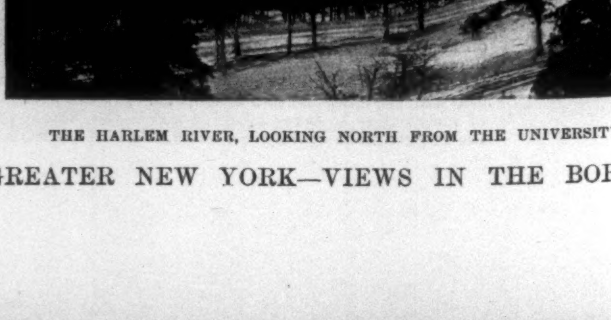
HIG

Morris Heights.



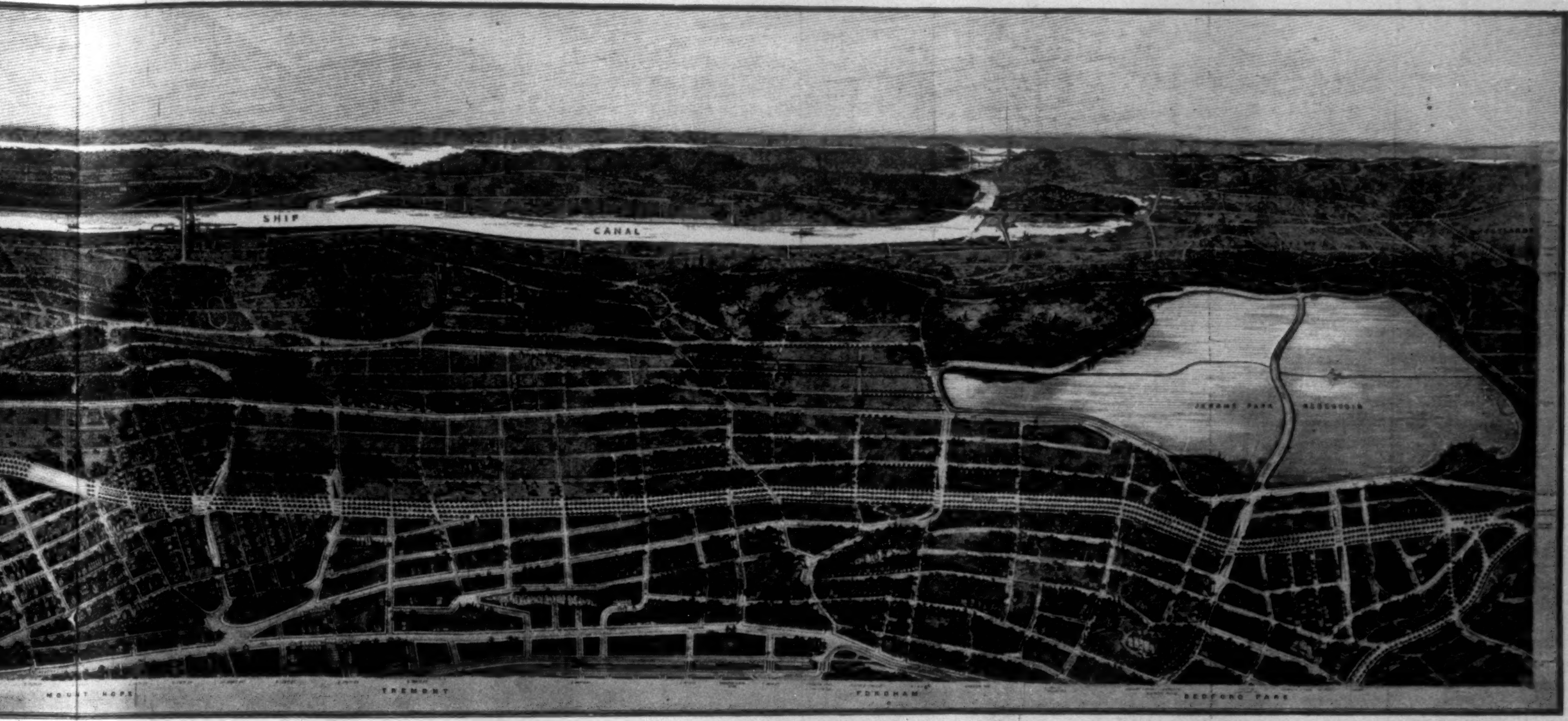
The New Speedway Construction.

HARLEM RIVER NORTH OF WASHINGTON BRIDGE.

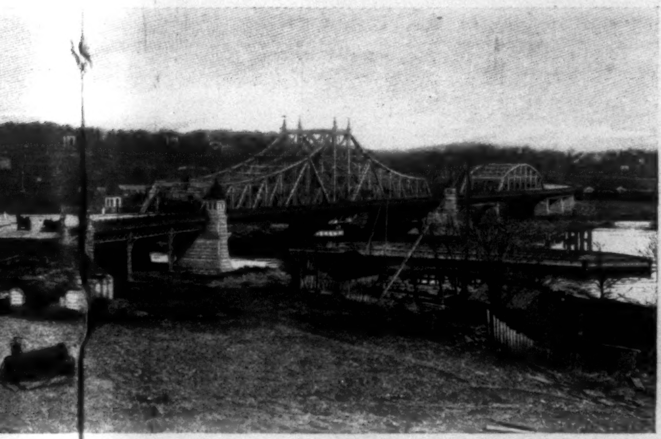


THE HARLEM RIVER, LOOKING NORTH FROM THE UNIVERSIT

GREATER NEW YORK—VIEWS IN THE BOR


SHIP
CANAL
JEROME PARK RESERVOIR
MOUNT HOPE
TREMONT
FORDHAM
BEDFORD PARK

CONCOURSE CONNECTING MANHATTAN ISLAND WITH THE PARK SYSTEM NORTH AND EAST OF THE HARLEM RIVER.

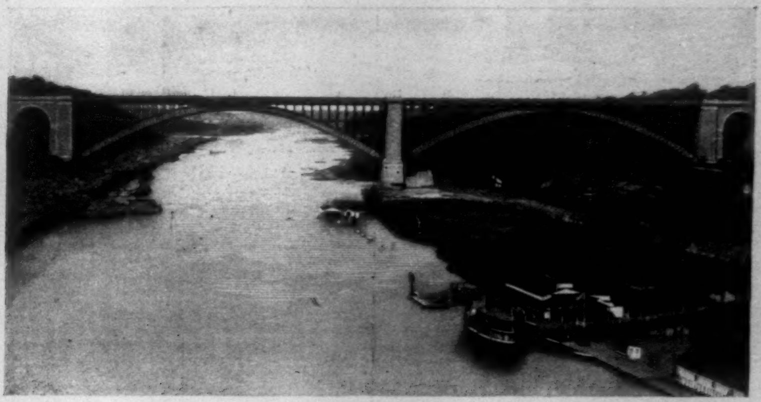


NEW CENTRAL BRIDGE OVER THE HARLEM RIVER, LOOKING NORTH, 155TH STREET AND MACOMB'S LANE.

LOOKING WEST ALONG THE HARLEM RIVER, SHOWING THE NEW THIRD AVENUE BRIDGE IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.

Speedway Construction.

HIGH BRIDGE OVER THE HARLEM RIVER, SHOWING WASHINGTON BRIDGE BEYOND.



VIEW OF WASHINGTON BRIDGE, LOOKING NORTH UP THE HARLEM RIVER FROM HIGH BRIDGE.

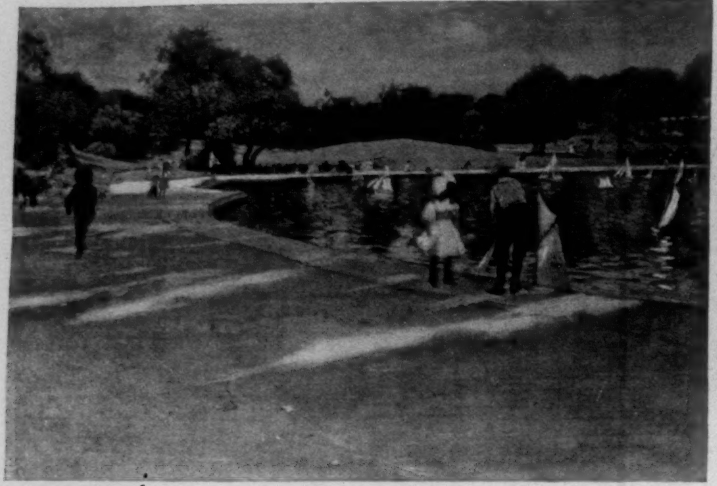
Webb Home for Ship-Builders.
Chancellor's Residence.

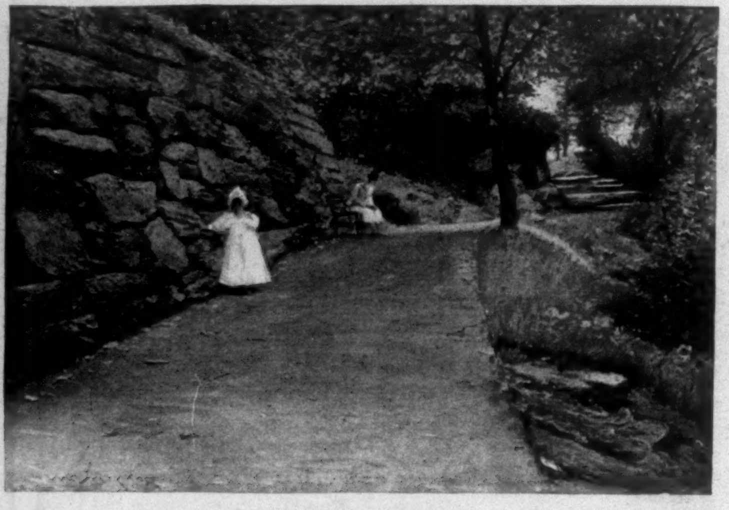
ERSITY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, BOROUGH OF THE BRONX.

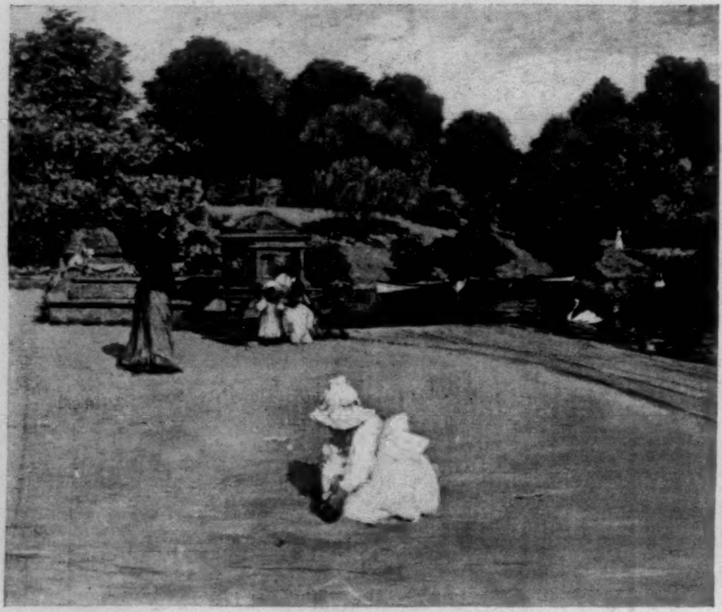
MARKET
FULTON

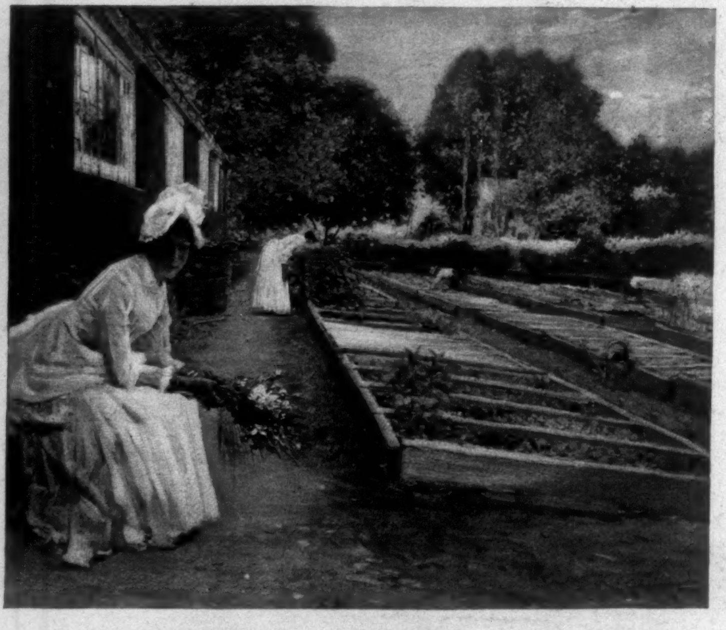
NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN BRIDGE AND THE EAST RIVER, LOOKING NORTHEAST.

BOROUGHS OF MANHATTAN AND THE BRONX.


THE LAKE FOR MINIATURE YACHTS.

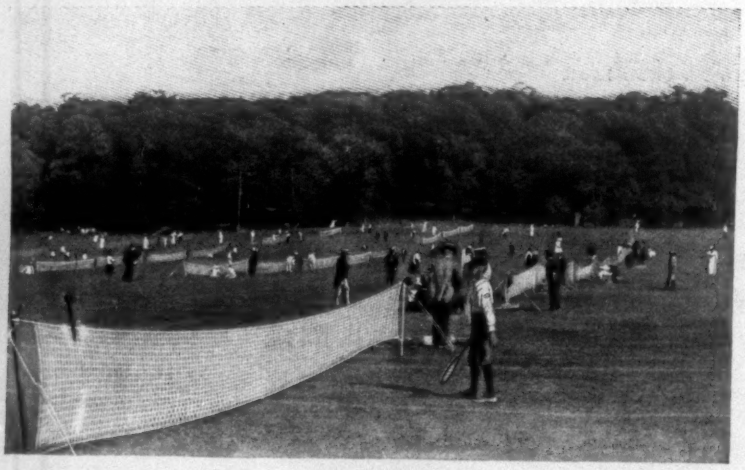

A BYPATH ALONG THE RESERVOIR WALL.


A BIT OF THE TERRACE.

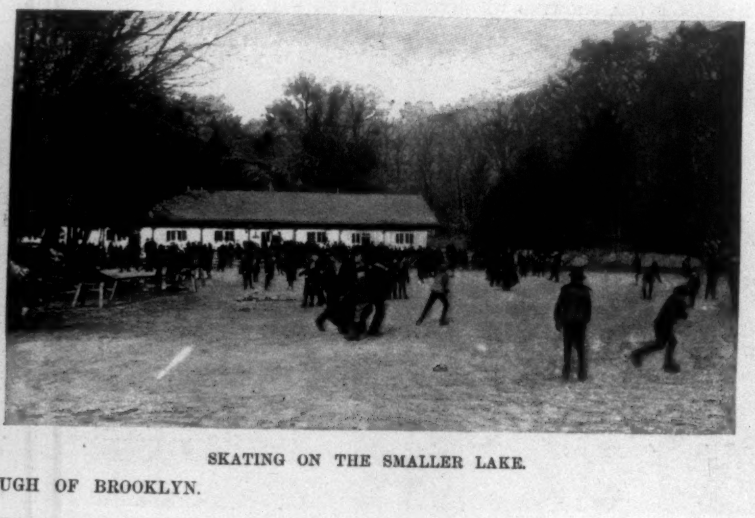

THE FLOWER-NURSERY AT THE UPPER END OF THE PARK.

CENTRAL PARK, BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN.—FROM PAINTINGS BY WILLIAM M. CHASE.

FLOWER-GARDENS.

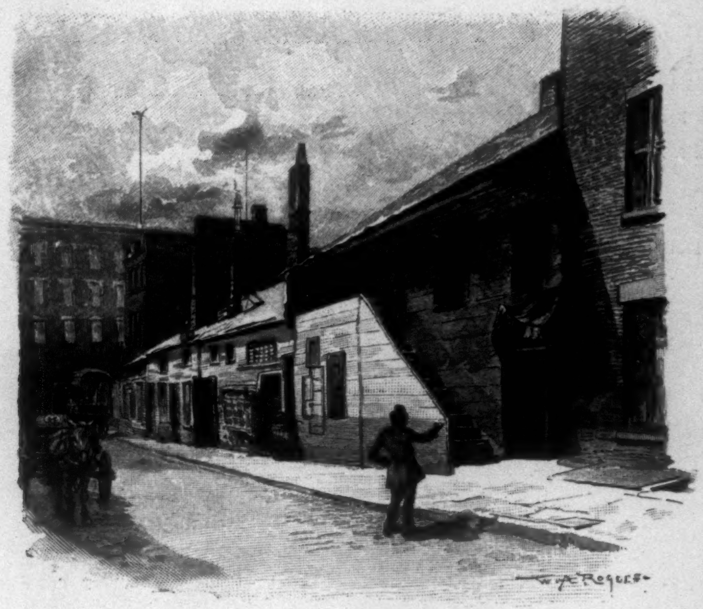

TENNIS-COURTS.

THE LAKE, FROM LOOKOUT HILL.

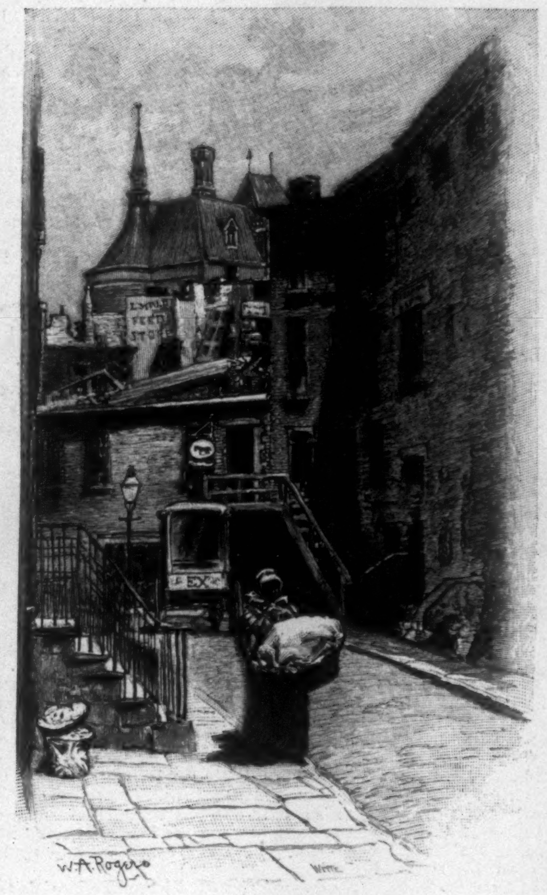

SKATING ON THE SMALLER LAKE.

PROSPECT PARK, BOROUGH OF BROOKLYN.

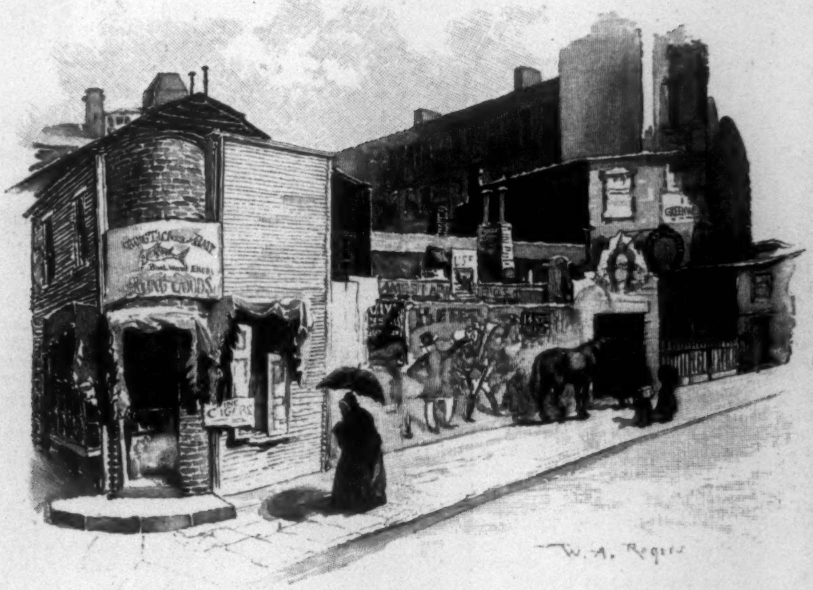
GREATER NEW YORK—TWO OF THE CITY'S PLEASURE-GROUNDS.



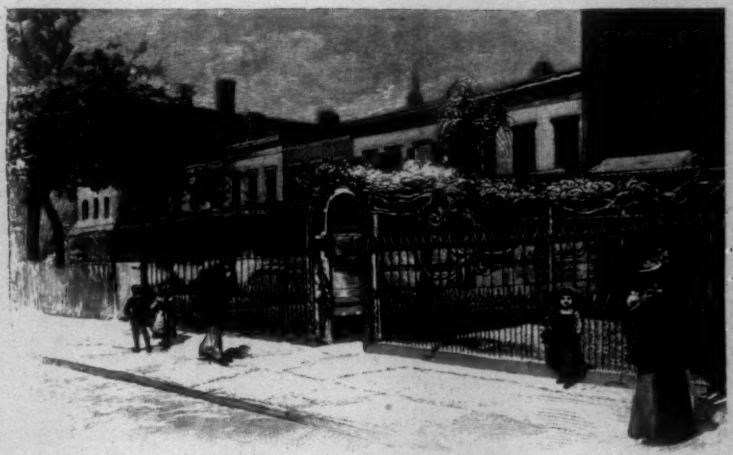
WEEHAWKEN STREET.



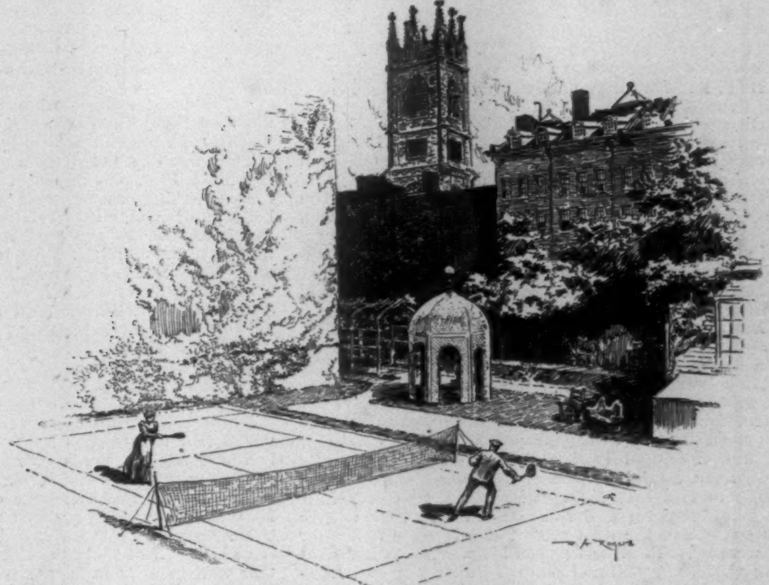
GAY STREET.



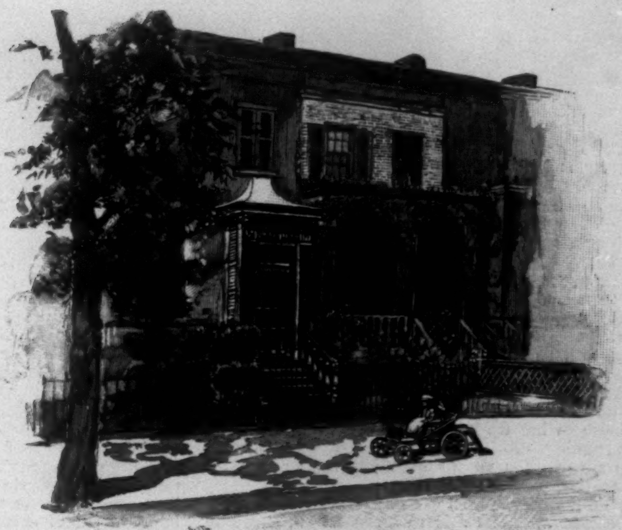
OLD HOUSES ON GREENWICH STREET.



A WISTARIA WALK, HORATIO STREET.



A TENNIS-COURT IN CHELSEA.



LITTLE HOUSES ON WEST TWENTY-FOURTH STREET.

OLD HOUSES ON WEST TWENTY-SECOND STREET.

GREATER NEW YORK—IN GREENWICH VILLAGE AND CHELSEA, BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN.

JEROME—A POOR MAN.*

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

AUTHOR OF "PEMBROKE," "JANE FIELD," "MADELON," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. I. KELLER.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE next morning Jerome went early to his uncle Ozias Lamb for some finished shoes which he was to take to Dale. For the first time in his life, when he entered the shop, he had an impulse to avert his eyes and not meet his uncle's fully. Ozias had grown old rapidly of late. He sat with his usual stiff crouch on his bench, and hammered away at a shoe heel on his lapstone. His hair and beard were white and shaggy. His blue eyes peered sharply, as from a very ambush of old age, at Jerome loading himself with the finished shoes.

After the usual half-grunt of greeting, which was scarcely more than a dissyllabic note of salutation between two animals, Ozias was silent until Jerome was going out.

"Ain't ye well this mornin'?" he asked then.

"Yes," replied Jerome, "I'm well enough."

"When a man's smart," said Ozias Lamb, "and has got money in his pocket, and don't want folks to know it, he don't keep feelin' of it to see if it's safe. He acts as if he hadn't got any money, or any pocket neither. I s'pose that's what you're tryin' to do."

"Don't know what you mean," returned Jerome, coloring.

"Oh, nothin'. Go along," said his uncle.

But he spoke again before Jerome was out of hearing. "There ain't any music better than a squeak in the grind you an' me have got to make out of life," said he, "an' don't you go to thinkin' there is. If you ever think you hear it, it's only in your own ears; an' you might as well make up your mind to it."

"I made up my mind to it as long ago as I can remember," Jerome answered back, yet scarcely with bitterness, for the very music which his uncle denied was too loud in his ears for him to disbelieve it.

When Jerome was returning from Dale, an hour later, his back bent beneath great sheaves of newly cut shoes, like a harvester's with wheat, a cloud of dust arose like smoke, and out of it came two riders—Lawrence Prescott on a fine black horse which his father used seldom for driving, he was so unsuited for standing patiently at the doors of affliction, yet kept through a latent fondness for good horseflesh, and Lucina Merritt, on his pretty bay mare. Lucina galloped past at Lawrence's side, with an eddying puff of blue riding-skirt and a toss of yellow curls and blue plumes. Jerome stood back a little to give them space, and the dust settled slowly over him after they were by. Then he went on his way, with his heart beating hard, yet with no feeling of jealousy against Lawrence Prescott. He even thought that it would be a good match. Still, he was curiously disturbed, not by the reflection that he was laden with sheaves of leather—he would have been more ashamed had he been seen idling on a work-day—but because he feared he looked so untidy with the dust of the road on his shoes. She might have noticed his clothes although she had galloped by so fast.

The first thing Jerome did when he reached home was to brush and blacken his shoes, though there was no chance of Lucina's seeing them. He felt as if he ought not to think of her when he had on dusty shoes.

The greater part of the next day Jerome passed, as usual, in Ozias Lamb's shop soling shoes. When he came home to supper he noticed something unusual about his mother and sister. They had the appearance of being strung tightly with repressed excitement, like some delicate musical instruments. To look at or to speak to them was to produce in them sensitive vibrations which seemed out of proportion to the cause.

Jerome asked no questions. These disturbances in the feminine current always produced a corresponding stiffness of calm in his masculine one, as if by an instinct to maintain the equilibrium of dangerous forces for the safety of the household.

Elmira and her mother kept looking at each other and at him, pulses starting up in their delicate cheeks, flashes coming and going, motioning each other with furtive gestures to speak, then countermanding the order with sharp negatory shakes of the head.

At last Mrs. Edwards called back Jerome as he was going to his chamber, books under arm and lighted candle in hand.

"Look here," said she; "I want to show you something."

Jerome turned. Elmira was extending toward him a nicely folded letter with a little green seal on it.

"What is it?" asked Jerome.

"Read it," said his mother.

Jerome took it, unfolded it, and read, Elmira and his mother watching him. Elmira was quite pale; Mrs. Edwards's mouth was set as if against anticipated opposition, her nervous gleaming eyes were fierce with ready argument. Jerome knit his brows over the letter, then he folded it nicely and gave it back to Elmira.

"You see what it is?" said his mother.

"Yes, I see," replied Jerome, hesitatingly. He looked confused before her, for one of the few times of his life.

"An invitation for you an' Elmira to Squire Merritt's to a party. It's Lucina's birthday," said his mother, and she fairly smacked her lips, as if the words were sweet.

Elmira looked at her brother breathlessly. Nobody knew how eager she was to go. It was the first party worthy of a name to which she had been bidden in her whole life. She and her mother had been speculating, ever since the invitation had arrived, upon the possibility of Jerome's refusing to accept it.

"Nobody can tell what he'll do," Mrs. Edwards had said. "He's just as likely to take a notion not to go as to go."

"I can't go if he doesn't," said Elmira.

"Why can't you, I'd like to know?"

Elmira shrank timidly. "I never went into Squire Merritt's house in my life," said she.

"I guess there ain't anything there to bite you," said her mother. "I'm goin' to say all I can to have your brother go, but if he won't, you can put on your new dress an' go without him." However, Mrs. Edwards privately resolved to use as an argument to Jerome, in case he refused to attend the party, the fact that his sister would not go without him.

She used it now. Mrs. Edwards's military tactics were those of direct onslaught and no saving of powder. "Elmira's afraid to go unless you do," said she. "You'll be keepin' her home, an' she 'ain't had a chance to go to many parties, poor child."

Jerome met Elmira's beseeching eyes, and frowned aside, blushing like a girl. "Well, I don't know," said he; "I'll see."

That was the provincial form of masculine concession to feminine importunity. Mrs. Edwards nodded to Elmira when Jerome had shut the door. "He'll go," said she.

Elmira smiled and quivered with half-fearful delight. Lawrence Prescott was coming to see her the next day, and the day after that she would be sure to meet him again at Squire Merritt's. She trembled before her own happiness as before an angel whose wings cast shadows of dread of delight.

"You'd better go to bed now," said her mother, with a meaning look; "you want to look bright to-morrow, and you've got a good deal before you."

The next day not a word was said to Jerome about Lawrence Prescott's expected call. He noticed vaguely that something unusual seemed to be going on in the parlor, then divined, with a careless dismissal of the subject, that it was house-cleaning. He had a secret of his own that day which might have rendered him less curious about the secrets of others. There were scarcely enough shoes finished to take him to Dale—only half a lot—but Jerome announced his intention of going to Ozias Lamb with assumed carelessness.

"Why don't ye wait till the lot is finished?" asked Ozias.

"Guess I'll take a half-lot this time," replied Jerome.

Ozias eyed him sharply, but said nothing.

Jerome had in his room a little iron-bound strong-box which had belonged to his father, though few treasures had poor Abel Edwards ever had occasion to store in it. After dinner that noon Jerome went up stairs, unlocked the strong-box, took out some coins, handling them carefully lest they jingle, and put them in his leather wallet. Then he went down stairs and out of the front door as stealthily as if he had been thieving. Elmira and her mother were at work in the parlor, and saw him go down the walk and disappear up the road.

"I tell you what 'tis," said Mrs. Edwards, with one of her sharp confirmatory nods, "J'rome's been takin' out some of that money, an' he's goin' to Dale to get him some new clothes."

"What makes you think so?"

"Oh, you see if he 'ain't. He 'ain't got a coat nor a vest fit to wear to that party, an' he knows it. If he's taken some of that money he's savin' up towards the mortgage I'm glad of it. Folks ought to have a little somethin' as they go along; if they don't, first thing they know they'll get past it."

Jerome did not start for Dale until it was quite late in the afternoon, working hard, meanwhile, in the shop. The day was another of those typical ones of early spring which had come lately, drooping as to every leaf and bud with that hot languor which forces bloom. The door and windows of the little shop were set wide open. The honey and spice breaths of flowers mingled with the rank effluvia of leather like a delicate melody with a harsh bass. Jerome pegged along in silence with knitted brows, yet with a restraint of smiles on his lips.

Ozias Lamb also was silent, his old face bending over his work with a concentration of moody gloom. Ozias was not as outspoken as formerly concerning his bitter taste of life, possibly because it had reached his soul. Jerome sometimes wondered if his uncle had troubles that he did not know of. He started for Dale so late that it was after sunset when he returned, with a great parcel under his arm. He felt strangely tired, and just before he reached Upham village he sat down on a stone wall, laid his parcel carefully at his side, and looked about him.

The spring dusk was gathering slowly, though at first through an enhanced clearness of upper lights. All the gloom seemed to proceed from the earth, in silvery breathings of meadows and gradual stealings forth of violet shadows from behind forest trees. The sky was so full of pure yellow light that even the feathery spring foliage was darkly outlined against it, and one could see far within it the fanning of the wings of the twilight birds. The air was cooler. The breaths of new-turned earth and rank young plants in marshy places and woodland ponds were in it, overcoming somewhat those of sun-steeped blossoms which had prevailed all day.

The road from Dale to Upham lay through lowland, and however dry the night elsewhere, there was always a damp freshness. The circling clamor of birds overhead seemed wonderfully near. In the village the bell had begun to ring for an evening prayer-meeting, and one could have fancied that the bell hung in one of the neighboring trees. The clearness of sight seemed to enhance hearing, and possibly also that imagination which is beyond both senses. Jerome had a vague impression which he did not express to himself, as if he had come to a door wide open into spaces beyond all needs and desires of the flesh and the earthly soul, and of breathing new air. Now that he had gained this clear outlook of spirit, suddenly the world and all the things thereof seemed to be at his back and grown dim even to his retrospective thought. The image even of beautiful Lucina, which had dwelt with him since Sunday, faded, for she was not yet become of his spirit, and pertained scarcely to his flesh except through the simplest and most rudimentary of instincts. Jerome glanced at the parcel containing the fine new vest and coat which he had purchased, and frowned scornfully at this childish vanity, which would lead him to perk and plume and glitter to the sun, like any foolish bird which would awake the desire of the eyes in another.

"What a fool I am!" he muttered, and looked at the great open sky again, and was half minded to take his purchases back to Dale.

However, when the clear gold of the sky began to pale, and a great star shone out over the west, he rose, took up his parcel, and went home. There was a light in the parlor; he thought indifferently that Paulina Maria Judd or his aunt Belinda might be in there calling on his mother; but when he went into the kitchen his mother sat there, and both the other women were with her.

The supper table was still standing. "Where have you been, Jerome Edwards?" cried his mother. She cast a sharp look at his parcel, but said nothing about it. Jerome laid it on top of the old desk which had belonged to his father.

"I have been over to Dale," he replied. "I didn't start very early."

His aunt Belinda looked at him amiably. She had not changed much. Her face, shaded by her long curls, had that same soft droop as of a faded flower. Once past her bloom of the flesh, there was in a woman so little beset by storms of the spirit as Belinda Lamb little further change possible until she dropped entirely from her tree of life. She looked at Jerome with the amiable light of a smile rather than a smile itself, and said, with her old weak but clinging pounce upon disturbing trifles,

"Why, Jerome, you 'ain't been all this time gettin' to Dale an' back?"

"I didn't hurry," replied Jerome, coldly, drawing a chair up to the supper table. He had always a sensation of nervous impatience with this mild, negatively sweet woman which he could not overcome, though he felt shamed by it. He preferred to see Paulina Maria, though between her and himself a covert antagonism survived the open one of his boyhood. At least he could dislike her without disliking himself.

The candle-light fell full upon Paulina Maria's face, which was even more transparent than formerly; so transfused was her clear profile by the candle-light that the outlines seemed almost to waver and be lost. She was knitting a fine white cotton stocking in an intricate pattern, and did not look at Jerome, or speak to him, beyond her first nod of recognition when he entered.

Presently, however, Jerome turned to her. "How is Henry?" he inquired.

"About the same," she replied, in her clear voice, which was unexpectedly loud, and seemed to have a curious after-tone.

"His eyes are no worse, then?"

"No worse, and no better."

"Can't he do any more than he did last year?" asked Mrs. Edwards.

"No, he can't. He hasn't been able to do a stitch on shoes since last Thanksgiving. He can't do anything but sit at the window and knit plain knittin'. I don't know how he would get along if I hadn't showed him how to do that. I believe he'd go crazy."

"Don't you think that last stuff Doctor Prescott put in his eyes did him any good?" asked Mrs. Edwards.

"No, I don't. He didn't think it would, himself. He said all there was to do was to go to Boston and see that great doctor there, and have an operation, an' it's goin' to cost three hundred dollars. Three hundred dollars! It's easy enough to talk. Three hundred dollars! Adoniram has been laid up with jaundice half the winter. I've bound soles, and I've knit these fine stockin's for Mis' Doctor Prescott. They go toward the doctor's bill, but they're a drop in the bucket. She'd allow considerable on them, but it ain't *her* say. Three hundred dollars!"

"It's a sight of money," said Belinda Lamb. "I s'pose you could mortgage the house, Paulina Maria, and then when Henry got his eyesight back he could work to pay it off."

A deep red transfused Paulina Maria's transparent pallor, but before she could speak, Ann Edwards interposed. "Mortgage!" said she, with a sniff of her nostrils, as if she scented battle. "Mortgage! Load a poor horse down to the ground till his legs break under him, set a baby to layin' stone wall till he drops, but don't talk to me of mortgages. I guess I know enough about them. My poor husband would have been alive and well to-day if it hadn't been for a mortgage. It sounds easy enough, jest a little interest-money to pay every year, an' all this money down, but I tell you 'tis like a leech that sucks at body and soul. You get so the mortgage looks worse than your sins, an' you pray to be forgiven that instead of them. I know. Don't you have a mortgage put on your house, Paulina Maria Judd, or you'll rue the day. I'd—steal before I'd do it."

Paulina Maria made no response; she was quite pale again.

"I should think you'd be afraid Henry would go entirely blind if you didn't have something done for him," said Belinda Lamb.

"I be," replied Paulina Maria, sternly. She rose to go, and Belinda also, with languid response of motion, as if Paulina Maria were an upstirring wind.

When Paulina Maria opened the outer door there was a rush of dank night air.

"Don't you want me to walk home with you and Aunt Belinda?" asked Jerome. "It's pretty dark."

"No, thank you," replied Paulina Maria, grimly, looking back, a pale wavering shape against the parallelogram of night; "the things I'm afraid of walk in the light as much as the dark, an' you can't keep 'em off me."

"You make me creep, talkin' so," Belinda Lamb said, as she and Paulina Maria, two women of one race, with their souls at the antipodes of things, went down the path together.

"I hope Paulina Maria won't put a mortgage on her house. Henry 'd better be blind," said Ann Edwards when they had gone.

Jerome, finishing his supper, said nothing, but he knew, and Paulina Maria knew that he knew, there was already a mortgage on her house. When Jerome rose from the table his mother pointed at the parcel on the desk.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2089.

"What's that?" she asked.

"I had to buy a coat and vest if I was going to that party," replied Jerome, with a kind of dogged embarrassment. He had never felt so confused before his mother's sharp eyes since he was a child. If she had blamed him for his purchase he would have been an easy victim, but she did not.

"What did you get?" she asked.

"I'll show you in the morning; you can see them better."

"Well, you needed them, if you are goin' to the party. You've got to look a little like folks. Where you goin'?"

"Into the parlor to get a book."

He opened the door, but his mother beckoned him back mysteriously, and he closed it softly.

"What is it?" he asked, wonderingly. "Who is there? Has Elmira got company?"

"Belinda Lamb begun quizzin' as soon as she got in here. Said she thought she heard a man talkin', an' asked if it was you. An' when I said it wa'n't, wanted to know who it was. I told her right to her face it was none of her business."

"Who is it in there, mother?" asked Jerome.

"It ain't anybody to make any fuss about."

"Who is it in there with Elmira?"

"It's Lawrence Prescott, that's who it is," replied his mother, who was more wary in defence than attack, yet defiant enough when the struggle came. She looked at Jerome with unflinching eyes.

"Lawrence Prescott?"

"Yes; what of it?"

"Mother, he isn't going to pay attention to Elmira!"

"Why not, if he wants to? He's as likely a young fellow as there is in town. She won't be likely to do any better."

Jerome stared at his mother in utter bewilderment. "Mother, are you out of your senses?" he gasped.

"I don't know why I am," said she.

"Don't you know that Doctor Prescott would turn Lawrence out of house and home if he thought he was going to marry Elmira?"

"I guess she's good enough for him; you can run down your own sister all you want to, Jerome Edwards."

"I am not running her down. I don't deny she's good enough for any man on earth, but not with the kind of goodness that counts. Mother, don't you know that nothing but trouble can come to Elmira from this? Lawrence Prescott can't marry her."

"I'd like to know what you mean by trouble comin' to her," demanded his mother.

A hot red of shame and wrath flashed all over her little face and neck as she spoke, and Jerome, perceiving his mother's thought, blushed at that, and not at his own.

"I meant that he would have to leave her and make her miserable in the end, and that is all I did mean," he said, indignantly. "He can't marry her, and you know it as well as I. Then there is something else," he added, as a sudden recollection flashed over his mind. "He was out riding horseback with Lucina Merritt, Monday."

"I don't believe a word of it," his mother said, hotly.

"I saw him."

"Well, what of it if he did? She's the only girl here that rides horseback, an' I s'pose he wanted company. Mebbe her father asked him to go with her in case her horse got scared at anything. I shouldn't be a mite surprised if he had to go, and couldn't help himself. He wouldn't like to refuse if he was asked."

"Mother, you know that Lucina Merritt is the only girl in this town that Doctor Prescott would think was fit to marry his son, and you know his family have always had to do just as he said."

"I don't know any such thing," returned his mother. Her voice of dissent had the shrill persistency of a cricket's. "Doctor Prescott always took a sight of notice of Elmira when she was a little girl and he used to come here. He never took to you, I know, but he always did to Elmira."

Jerome said no more. He lighted a candle, and took his parcel of new clothes and went up stairs to his chamber.

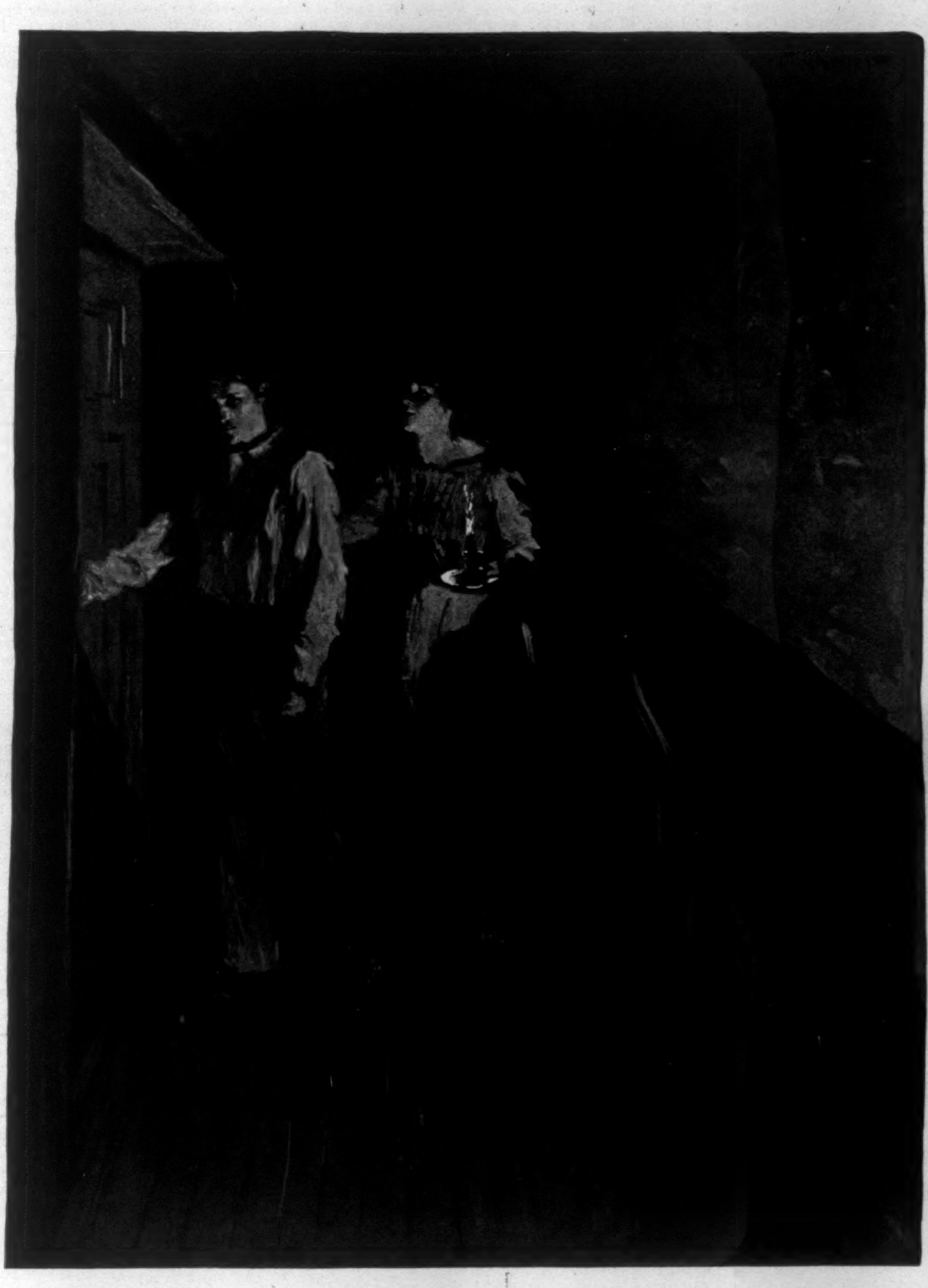
It was twelve o'clock before Lawrence Prescott went home. Jerome had not gone to bed. He was waiting to speak to his sister. When he heard her step on the stairs he opened his door. Elmira, candle in hand, came slowly up the stairs, holding her skirt up lest she trip over it. When she reached the landing her brother confronted her, and she gave a little startled cry, then stood, her eyes cast down before him, and the candle-light shining over the sweet redness and radiance of her face, which was at that moment nothing but a sign and symbol of maiden love.

All at once Jerome seemed to grasp the full meaning of it. His own face deepened and glowed, and looked strangely like his sister's. It was as if he began to learn involuntarily his own lesson from another's text-book. Suddenly, instead of his sister's face, he seemed to see Lucina Merritt's. That look of love which levels mankind to one family was over his memory of her.

"What did you want?" Elmira asked at length, timidly, but laughing before him at the same time, like a foolish child who cannot conceal delight.

"Nothing," said her brother; "good-night," and went into his chamber and shut his door.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"'NOTHING,' SAID HER BROTHER; 'GOOD-NIGHT,' AND WENT INTO HIS CHAMBER AND SHUT HIS DOOR."

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

MADRID, *March 23, 1897.*

I HAVE begun to feel that I ought to apologize for myself when I meet a Spaniard. From the stand-point of the school geography of an American schoolboy Spain is a small piece of earth pushed away to the remotest corner of Europe. It is a country which for us has ceased to exist, excepting as picturesque material for the pen of a Prescott, Washington Irving, or John Hay. It is safe to assume that the average American thinks of Spain through memories of the Inquisition, the Armada, and the torturing of bulls. We Yankees pat ourselves upon the back and assure one another that Spaniards are a degenerate people, principally because they lack the virtues distinguishing us.

To see ourselves as others see us, it is worth while making a journey to the heart of Spain at a moment when the Cuban question is open and war between Spain and the United States is the subject of practical speculation.

On arrival at the capital, my first pilgrimage was to seek the Legation of the United States, not so much for the purpose of wasting the time of a hard-worked public servant as to learn the way to a harbor of refuge in case of an overnight revolution. As we all know, our great republic houses its ambassadors and other representatives more shabbily than any other first or even second class power in the world. Mexico has a Legation in Madrid worthy of a great power, but the United States of America, which pretends to a protectorate over a dozen Mexicos, appears to be unequal to the task of providing in this capital a decent office for the transaction of its important business. If the American minister happens to be a millionaire and disposed to show his money, he can, for a short time, represent his country ostentatiously; but if the minister happens to be a man of merely moderate means, he has to either live upon his capital, or else abandon all idea of making our Legation abroad worthy of our national pretensions. Our Congressmen and Senators hold their sessions in the most magnificent legislative palaces of the world; our offices of government in Washington are fitted up with a luxury equalling if not surpassing anything in Europe; yet the agents abroad of this mighty country are paid no better than clerks in a first-class manufacturing establishment, and house themselves as best they can on such private means as they can command.

As I approached the square in Madrid on which I was told our Legation was situated, I saw a number of soldiers with rifles, some standing guard and others lounging about, after the manner of soldiers kept in barracks for the purpose of being ready at short notice. The military population of this square so completely outnumbered the civilian element, which consisted mainly of a blind beggar, that I was concluding to retire, thinking I must have made a mistake. However, I caught sight of the American eagle, and being prone to accept facts as they are, especially in our diplomatic service, I naturally concluded that our government had hired a room or so in the barracks out of economic reasons, so I marched towards the American eagle, entered the building, and rang the bell at a door bearing the familiar office plate of our Legation.

It was not a soldiers' barracks, after all. The uniforms represented troops detailed by the Spanish government to protect the American representative against insult, if not bodily violence.

Our minister is a man of letters, absorbed in a history of constitutional evolution, one volume of which has been published, and a second will soon be on the press. Mr. Hannis Taylor leads the life of a simple student, appreciating to the full the magnificent art treasures about him; appreciating also the many excellent personal qualities of the Spaniards, and dilating with obvious sympathy upon the pleasure of intercourse with them. Indeed, it seemed comical to me that this man should be, in the capital of Spain, forced to accept the protection of governmental bayonets as the scapegoat for Senatorial speeches which have made the name of Yankee odious in Spanish ears.

If Spain to-day required a just and even kindly book written about her from a foreign point of view, no one could do it better than Hannis Taylor; and yet Spanish society to-day gives him the cold shoulder, and the Spanish mob is credited with a desire to destroy his Legation.

Ignorance is the child of clericalism, and the Spanish Church has been breeding children on this plan ever since the establishment of the Inquisition. Argument is difficult enough amongst American citizens, as we found, to our cost, in our efforts to defeat Bryan at the last Presidential election. If the Spanish press and the Spanish Church united to disabuse the ignorant people of this country of their prejudices against Yankees, it would be no easy task, but when the ignorance of the masses is directly densified by those who should be the people's leaders, then we need not be surprised at the feelings entertained by Spaniards about us.

I have just been glancing over the most influential and liberal newspaper here, and find an article headed "El Dinero de los Ministros Yankees," which means the money of the "Yankee" cabinet. It is a sober article, in spite of the insult conveyed in the head-lines. The American cabinet is spoken of as we might in New York discuss that of some South American state in which official appointments are by us presumed to be the result of purchase, either by money or by questionable political service.

The members of our cabinet are one by one enumerated as men who have become millionaires by mining speculations, trusts, railway swindling, or other commercial enterprises equally mysterious. The conclusion obviously made in the Spanish mind is that our officials buy their political positions, and that the people at large have consequently little to say.

In other words, you see that they speak of us much as we speak of them, and that instead of trying each to understand the other, the newspapers of the two countries seem to think it patriotic that they should publish that which irritates and omit all that is likely to draw us together.

The women of Spain are beautiful and virtuous; the men are courteous and brave. The way-side laborer in this country has better manners than many of our Congressmen or commercial travellers whom I could name. One cannot mingle in any crowd without being struck by the amiability of disposition characteristic of the individual people who pay the expenses of this government. The streets of Madrid are more free from public women than those of New York, and Mr. Taylor assures me that drunkenness is a thing almost unknown. The most Catholic country of Europe is full of Puritan virtues, and is in the way of realizing some of that republicanism without which monarchies inevitably drag their people into the mud.

Spaniards sin in ignorance. They govern badly in Cuba and the Philippines, but they do not appear to be doing any worse by their provinces than they do by themselves. They are passing through such a struggle as England sustained when Lord North and George III. attempted to govern us against our wills. That was a family quarrel well fought out in a war of seven years. We ourselves put down the most gigantic rebellion of modern times when General Grant received the sword of Robert Lee in April of 1865. I can well remember the hatred aroused amongst us against England for her presuming to interfere in our quarrel—a hatred which has not yet completely died out. England was shocked at the waste of blood and treasure, as we to-day are incensed at the painful news from the Spanish colonies. But, after all, it is none of our business; or if it is, then why do we not send a fleet to Constantinople and protest against the slaughter of unarmed Armenians? Or, better still, send our ships to St. Petersburg and tell the Russian Czar that he must stop persecuting his unorthodox subjects—Catholic, Protestant, and Jews?

I am not defending Spain. I am trying to reflect the stand-point of a liberal Spaniard of to-day, who realizes fully the difficulties against which his government has to contend, and feels bitterly that these difficulties are complicated still further by the language used not merely by irresponsible newspapers in America, but by men whose legislative positions entitle their words to be treated seriously. We do not want Cuba, and we cannot imagine the American constellation improved by the addition of a Cuban star, the light of which must necessarily be produced by the political sagacity of men half black and at best half civilized. There is yet time for us to earn the gratitude of Spain as well as Cuba by proving that we are not conspiring to detach Cuba from her, but that, on the contrary, we are prepared to guarantee her American possessions, provided she reciprocates by giving to the Gem of the Antilles equally strong guarantees for good government. Spain is ready to meet propositions of this kind. It is in these lines that we can do something to revive American commerce. POULTNEY BIGELOW.

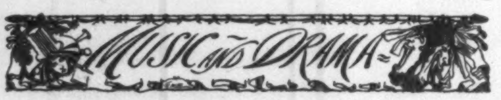
THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

WHERE IT STANDS IN THE MOVEMENT OF AMERICAN ART.

ONE of the most interesting questions to an observer of matters artistic in New York is that of the relative attitudes of the two organizations which provide every year the most important displays of new work. Each season there are signs of change within the ranks of the Society and the Academy. The members of the former have this year restrained their familiar audacious policy. The Academy witnesses the defection of one of its oldest adherents, and has to get along without the assistance of many others. Mr. Winslow Homer sends three pictures to the exhibition of the Society of American Artists, and not a thing to the Academy. This touches a significant phase of the latter's development. It has been reaching out to the younger men, and is, indeed, in a more liberal frame of mind than ever before. But there is a curious absence of important men. We do not forget that death has within the past few years taken from the Academy some of its most useful members. But there are plenty of artists who used to be potent in making the spring display a good one, and this year they have failed to contribute. Mr. Blum, for example, sends nothing; and among the absentees there are such men as Siddons Mowbray and Henry O. Walker and H. W. Ranger, with more others than it is possible to specify here. The upshot of it all is that the Academy impresses the beholder as having officially taken a leap ahead, while many individual members, including some of those from whom most might have been expected in the way of practical support, have remained indifferent to the newer impulse of the institution. We wonder if it ever occurs to the artists who think so much of what the Academy owes to them to think of what they owe to the Academy?

It is a curious commentary upon the situation outlined above that some of the best things on the walls are by men who have for years been absent from America. Mr. Humphrey Moore, in Paris, and Mr. C. C. Coleman, at Capri, have come to the rescue, while their colleagues at home have remained idle. The latter's "Evening Effect," in the south gallery, is one of those rare productions which grow more admirable as they grow more familiar. It is easy to say that the color is a trifle forced—though the sky, for instance, is just such a flat blue sky as hangs above the bay of Naples—but the panel is so beautifully composed, and has such an Italian charm, that its deficiencies are forgiven. Mr. Coleman has not often left so favorable an impression as in this lovely picture. Mr. Moore also provides a work that is in the nature of a surprise. After having painted so many small studies in the style of Fortuny, without the Spaniard's genius, where did he pick up the vigor, the depth, which distinguish his large Oriental canvas in the corridor? It is a painted narrative; but this side of the work is unimportant beside the mere richness of the color, the mere fluency and firmness of the execution. This has much of the skill that is so common in the Paris Salon, with a quality that is only to be encountered there at long intervals. There hangs very near to this picture by a mature and authoritative artist the production of a beginner whose art is improving with remarkable rapidity. Miss Hazelton shows a great gain in every new picture she exhibits, and her "Cloisonné," in the present collection, is a striking composition, handled with refreshing inventiveness and skill. In color and in brushing Miss Hazelton has still to progress far, but she has already grasped the essentials of her task. Mr. Robert Reid did this some time ago, and some of his recent works, notably the decorations in the Congressional Library at Washington, have been especially admirable for their poise and solidity. But he too registers a step decidedly in advance in the "Moonrise," to which the Clarke prize has been awarded. It is a beautiful picture, with veritable air in it, and an indubitable movement. The figure has a smoothness of outline which Mr. Reid has sometimes missed, and is not shown flat against a background; it has relief, and literally floats amongst the flowers that fill out the decorative scheme, which is original and well balanced. On the whole, Mr. Reid is to be congratulated. Mr. Reaser's "Mother and Daughter," which has also secured a prize, has delightful breadth of style, and color which is attractive in spite of its muddiness. Mr. Proctor, to whom another of the Hallgarten prizes has been awarded, is amusing, but not very artistic. Miss Macomber wins the Dodge prize with her picture of St. Catherine, a work that leaves the spectator with mixed feelings. Miss Macomber has interesting ideas—in fact, she has never painted a dull picture—but her technique has never been equal to her ambitions. She has a hardness of outline and a coarseness of surface which spoil her good effects.

At the Society exhibition portraiture is tremendously in evidence. Here it holds its own, but is not at all remarkable. Mr. Tarbell comes to the front with his accustomed brilliant lighting and vivacious workmanship; Mr. Beckwith sends a powerful study of a masculine sitter; Mr. Chase has a full length of a lady, which is in his best style as to the head, but not so excellent in the painting of the costume; and there is a small portrait of a child by Mr. Lippincott, which has much sweetness of feeling and delicacy of touch. Mr. Naegele's "Sweet Sixteen" is also a captivating performance. As usual, he has left the background of his panel unpainted, and the pretty head, daintily outlined and modelled in vivid tones, shows in a most decorative way against the grain of the wood. Mr. Day's rosy picture of a weary young spinner has a pleasantly romantic spirit, and the color is alluring. Beyond this, however, there are not many figure subjects which call for discussion. Mr. Wores and Mr. Curran have small fanciful studies, which are good in intention but lack distinction in their workmanship, and Mr. Prellwitz has made a good picture of his "Ferdinand and Ariel" without making it as good as ought to be expected of him. Mr. Church and Mr. Frederick B. Williams are the only whimsical designers who in their execution are quite on a level with their ideas. It remains to allude to a small group of landscapes, chiefly works by Mr. Platt, Mr. Twachtman, Mr. Shurtleff, and Mr. Van Laer. Neither at the Society show nor at the Academy this year have the landscapists made anything like the demonstration which for years has seemed their special prerogative. At the Academy their absence serves to accentuate the doubtful character of the exhibition as a whole. There have been better shows in preceding seasons. This one differs from the Society exhibition in many ways, but resembles it in being of a conservative character. ROYAL CORTISSOZ.



MRS. SUSANNAH CENTLIVRE'S comedy, *The Wonder*, should have its sub-title changed from "*A Woman Keeps a Secret*" to "*A Woman Writes a Play*"; for be it remembered that the lively Susannah did not live in an age of blue-stockings. It was in the thirteenth year of the eighteenth century that *The Wonder* was produced. Good Queen Anne had held the sceptre for a decade or so, and another Anne, not so good but brighter—Mistress Oldfield—had reigned a trifle longer over the hearts of London play-goers. When *The Wonder* first saw the foot-lights, Nance Oldfield was in her prime, and she was Mrs. Centlivre's first Donna Violante. Robert Wilks, too, was then at his best; he was the first Don Felix. The new woman writes many plays; but the old woman—if one may be allowed the expression—the pioneer Laura Matilda, had a hard time of it. A woman write a play? The actors would not tolerate the notion! Why, when Mrs. Centlivre's liveliest comedy, *The Busybody*, was in rehearsal, what should Bob Wilks do but throw his part into the pit and swear that he would not risk his reputation by playing such pitiful stuff! And it was only by resorting to her own Violante's trick of tears that Mrs. Centlivre persuaded Wilks to go on with the matter. It was "a silly thing writ by a woman," but *The Busybody* disappointed the croakers, and had the enormous run of thirteen nights. *The Wonder* was also a conspicuous success, and Oldfield's Violante and Wilks's Don Felix were discussed with praise at the Kit-Kat Club and Will's Coffee-House. After seeing *The Wonder* at Daly's, the first impression is one of astonishment at its freshness and the modernity of its plot. If any manager in New York (excepting Mr. Daly) had known of Mrs. Centlivre's play, he would have called in an adapter and set him to work to produce a "new and original farce," with its scenes in Paris and its period today. The plot would form a capital basis for a modern piece with up-to-date dialogue and better character-drawing. The sprightly Centlivre must have had Spanish ancestry—or a copy of old Spanish plays. Her characters are the conventional types of old cloak-and-sword comedy, and her intrigues smack of Lope. In *The Wonder* she shuffles the old cards with admirable dexterity, and in action the comedy is one of the best ever put together. The dialogue is brisk even if it does not dazzle with wit, and over all there is the glamour of artificiality beloved of Charles Lamb, who forgave the sins in old comedy because the characters were not so much like human beings as like diverting puppets aping humanity for "a dream-while or so." Judging from the reception of *The Wonder* by audiences at Daly's, the play is worthy of a better fate than usage as a stop-gap. There was as much genuine laughter on the opening night as one can hear at a performance of modern farce; yet in the whole course of the play nobody falls down, neither spins on his neck, nor yet grins through a horse-collar. The fun is all legitimate—the humor of incident and situation. The incidents repeat themselves sometimes, but the ball is kept a-rolling, and dull moments are infrequent. It is noteworthy that Mr. Daly made hardly any alteration in the play's original form. The first two acts were made into one by playing the first act proper as a "front scene," but otherwise there were no structural changes. The dialogue had been edited here and there, but even in this regard the changes were slight. The performance at Daly's capitally preserved the spirit of the comedy. It was animated and vivacious from beginning to end. Miss Rehan was at fault on the opening night, forgetting her lines several times. She had been rather overworked of late with the study of three or four lengthy parts. Violante suits her precisely. It is such a part as she has played repeatedly in Mr. Daly's adaptations from the German—the high-spirited, affectionate young woman with a jealous lover whom she plagues capriciously. Don Felix is one of the best high-comedy parts outside of Shakespeare. Mr. Richman's impersonation had spirit and vigor; but he was somewhat grim in his jealousy, his humor lacked buoyancy, and he was rather heavy than romantic. His facial make-up contributed to this impression; he looked a little too much like Iago. Mr. Herbert Gresham has become one of Mr. Daly's most valuable players, and in each production at this theatre he gives new proof of his versatility. His Lissardo was a capital bit of work played in the true spirit of Figaro. Miss Earle and Miss Rutter made a couple of intriguing chambermaids that would have delighted Calderon or Beaumarchais. Mr. Clarke was excellent as Colonel Britton, and Mr. Pratt, as his Scotch man-servant, played with a dialect quite comprehensible in these days of "Hoot mon" fiction.

There seems to be no end to the ingenuity with which French dramatists play variations upon an old theme. It is essential to Parisian farce that most of the characters should be frisky husbands of confiding wives. It only remains for the playwright to invent new expedients for the errant benedicts, and novel devices for their detection by Nemesis in the form of wives and mothers-in-law. The stock of characters in this sort of piece is as fixed as that of the Italian *Commedia dell' Arte*. MM. Maurice Desvalliers and Antony Mars have put at least one new idea into the farce which, under the title of *Never Again*, is the current attraction at the Garrick Theatre. The trick of Seraphin, which gives the piece its French title, is a bit of chicanery worthy of Scapin himself. M. Seraphin is *concierge* at No. 25 Rue Sardine, and one of his tenants is Chamnois, a hatter, whose trade is far from brisk. Seraphin hits upon the idea of writing anonymous letters to all sorts and conditions of men and women, telling them that at No. 25 Rue Sardine they will find evidence contributing materially to their domestic infelicity. When the anxious recipients of these anonymous hints arrive at the house in the Rue Sardine, Seraphin refers them to the hatter, who, as the oldest tenant, surely will be able to give them the desired information. While assuring the visitors that their suspicions are groundless, Chamnois sells them more hats than they can wear in a term of years, and on these sales Seraphin gets a liberal commission. Incidentally, Seraphin rents rooms to two tenants at the same time, after the manner of *Box and Cox*. With this basis for their plot, MM. Desvalliers and Mars put their characters through lively and humorous paces. The farce is bright and entertaining from the rise of the curtain till its final fall. There is more original character-drawing than one ordinarily finds in a piece of this description. Katzenjammer, the violoncellist, is cleverly sketched by the authors, and Mr. Gottschalk embodies him with much humor, making him a distinct character creation. Mr. Gottschalk never overacts, is superbly serious throughout, and his dialect is finely studied. The part of a middle-aged man of family with a belated crop of wild-oats is conventional, but Mr. E. M. Holland imparts a good deal of vitality to the festive Ribot. Miss May Robson's talent gives even a comic mother-in-law a semblance of originality. Miss Agnes Miller acts with much animation as Madame Katzenjammer, formerly a cook and always a flirt. The company is the best that has been seen in farce in many months. Every rôle is capably played, and even the smallest parts make an impression. The stage management of Mr. Humphreys is an element in the success of *Never Again*. A French farce is intensely stupid unless played *presto con brio*. This is the tempo taken in *Never Again*; the action never flags for a moment. This vivacity and the several clever characterizations give the piece its vogue and its place among the season's successes.

The Mayflower, by Louis N. Parker, is another Lyceum aquarelle, which, following *The First Gentleman of Europe*, rather suffered in the comparison. In some respects *The Mayflower* was so good that one cannot help speculating as to why it was not better. It is finely conceived, and has many points of originality. The play had been thought out by an author with the feeling of an artist, and there was a constant appeal to the imagination through the eye. The dialogue is smoothly written, with touches of poetic sentiment here and there. Most of the characters have more or less of the comic spirit to leaven their serious interest, and the story combines the sympathetic element with an adequate relief of comedy. Yet, for one reason or another, the serious story did not take hold of the auditor as it should. There are several points of resemblance between the plot of *The Mayflower* and that of *The First Gentleman of Europe*. In both plays a young man of high rank, disguised as one of lower station, falls in love with the daughter of a comparatively humble citizen. In each case the lover is debarred from matrimony, and imposes his attentions upon the girl, to the virtuous indignation of her family and of an honest rival. This is the text of each play, though the details and incidents are of course dissimilar. In *The Mayflower* Lord Gervase Carew, disguised as a student, meets and loves Joan Mallory, daughter of a Puritan exiled in Holland. Carew is the son of old Mallory's bitterest enemy. Joan returns his affection, and, to avoid Carew, Mallory and his family embark for America in the *Mayflower*. When the vessel touches at Plymouth, the scene being a hostelry on the quay, Carew carries off Joan, but is followed by his friend and rival, Jack Poynings, who loves her after a less reckless fashion. Poynings restores Joan to her father as that worthy is blaspheming wildly because his daughter has eloped. In the last act all the characters are found at Plymouth. Carew lives in the wilderness and watches over Joan. He overhears a conversation which leads him to suppose that she is to marry Poynings. He is subsequently mistaken for an Indian and shot. Poynings finds Carew wounded, and saves his life, although knowing that by restoring him to Joan he (Poynings) will lose his beloved; for a long sea voyage and a residence in the woods have so tamed the wild Gervase that he is now ready for anything, even matrimony. It would seem that the self-sacrifice of Poynings should touch the sensibilities of an audience, but it fails to do so—at least it does not make as deep an impression as it should. The opinion is forced upon one that *The Mayflower* would have made a stronger appeal to the sympathies of the spectators if the character of old Mallory had been played by an actor of real feeling, less palpable artifice, and fewer mannerisms. Mr. Morris, who is a clever actor of certain character bits, played Mallory in his choicest "prunes and prisms" manner. His facial expression was almost grotesque, his voice affected, and his simulated passion wofully artificial. Mr. Morris had the climax of the first act and that of the second, and his inadequacy to these situations deprive *The Mayflower* of the effect its author intended at two vital points. The part is an excellent one. Such an actor as Mr. Stoddart in the rôle would have made *The Mayflower* a different play. Miss Mannering's Joan Mallory was a replica of her Daphne—spirituelle and appealing; but this charming actress must beware lest, in the playing of too many "sweet" heroines, she become too saccharine. R. Peyton Carter was satisfactory as a Puritan elder of the Praise-God-Barebones type, an altogether admirable impersonation. Miss Tyree was bright and attractive in the soubrette part, and young Mr. Wheelock displayed cleverness in Mr. Parker's most original character, a young Dutchman struggling to learn English. The scenery of the production was artistic, the interior of the house in Amsterdam, forming the setting of act one, being admirably studied and arranged.

HARRY B. SMITH.

THE "FREAK" LAW-MAKER.

THE oddest human specimen, it's very safe
to say,
Is the "freak" who legislates for us in
various States to-day;
For though Nature with queer mortals of
unnumbered species deals,
He's her cap-sheaf of a genius, with a head
chock-full of "wheels."
In Kansas he sets out to make the "Ten
Commandments" law,
And on "bloomers" and on "corsets" a
restrictive line would draw;
In Missouri railroad train-men who with
girls and women flirt,
He would fine a heavy sum, although the
price is "cheap as dirt,"—
How should five-and-twenty dollars stop a
genuine cardiac whirl,
When the cause of all the trouble is a
sweet Missouri girl?
In Michigan all restaurants must their
"*menus*" revise,
And cease from putting French before the
Michigander's eyes;
If on a bill of fare you cannot tell what
'tis it means,
How shall a fellow order fish, or fowl, or
pork and beans?
Just beyond, in Minnesota, he thinks 'twould
be a boon
To affix the legend "DANGER" on the
front of each saloon.
In New York the "Sunday 'Shave'" he
has made a rank affair,
Except in two large places where the
wealthier classes are;
And printing in the papers any portrait or
design
He adjudges worth imprisonment, or else
a heavy fine.
In the "Nutmeg State" the eagle he has
let the hunter slay,
And so sweeps the symbolled nonsense that
surrounds its name away.
In two States ancient bachelors who fail
their troth to plight
He would fine with little mercy — and
perhaps 'twould serve *them* right.
The women's lofty top-gear and the great
"department store,"
The festive "bargain counter," and a dozen
matters more,
Are bound to be extinguished, and our
country freed from wrong,
By the fresh "freak" legislator — if we
tolerate him long.

JOEL BENTON.

TRIAL TRIP OF THE BATTLE-SHIP "IOWA."

THE successful trial trip of the battle-ship *Iowa* off the Cape Ann coast, on April 3, practically places the United States in possession of its first sea-going battle-ship. The battle-ships of the *Indiana* class are sea-going craft, of course, but their mission is coast defence rather than fighting on the high-seas. The *Iowa* is more than 1000 tons larger than the *Indiana*, her tonnage being 11,410 tons to the *Indiana's* 10,288. She is twelve feet longer and three feet wider than the *Indiana*. The *Iowa* is known as a sea-going battle-ship because she has a high freeboard forward, her forward turret being 19 feet above the water; the *Indiana's* is only 11 feet 7 inches.

The *Iowa* made a record of 17 knots speed in four hours' steaming, exceeding her contract requirement by one knot, and earning for her builders, the Cramps, a bonus of $200,000. Like most of the new ships of the navy, she passed through the ordeal without injury or evidence of the slightest strain. She made no sudden spurts of speed, and those on board said that there was little noticeable vibration, while her engines, with their 13,000 horse-power, were making 112 revolutions a minute.

The *Iowa* has been more than three years in building, her keel having been laid in August, 1893. Delays in furnishing her armor and armament have prevented her completion until now. She is almost ready for immediate service. She is peculiar in many respects. Her double bottoms are extended up the sides 10 feet above the water.

Like the *Brooklyn*, she has smoke-pipes of an unusual height and a "tumble house" that affords additional room to the crew, greater sweep for her guns, and that adds to her formidable appearance. She has a 7½-foot belt of 14-inch armor for 185 feet amidships. The outside plating is backed as far as possible with cellulose. The great turrets are of the "balancing" kind. The vessel's trim is not affected by their turning.

The chief battery of the *Iowa* consists of four 12-inch guns, one inch smaller in diameter than the guns of the *Indiana*. When the *Iowa* was designed there was a reaction in foreign countries against 13-inch guns, and the main battery of the *Iowa* was reduced accordingly. The *Iowa* has triple-expansion engines and a cruising capacity at low speed of 8000 miles.

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and don't worry the baby; avoid both unpleasant conditions by giving the child pure, digestible food. Don't use solid preparations. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.—[*Adv.*]

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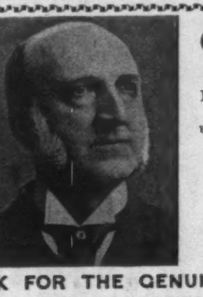

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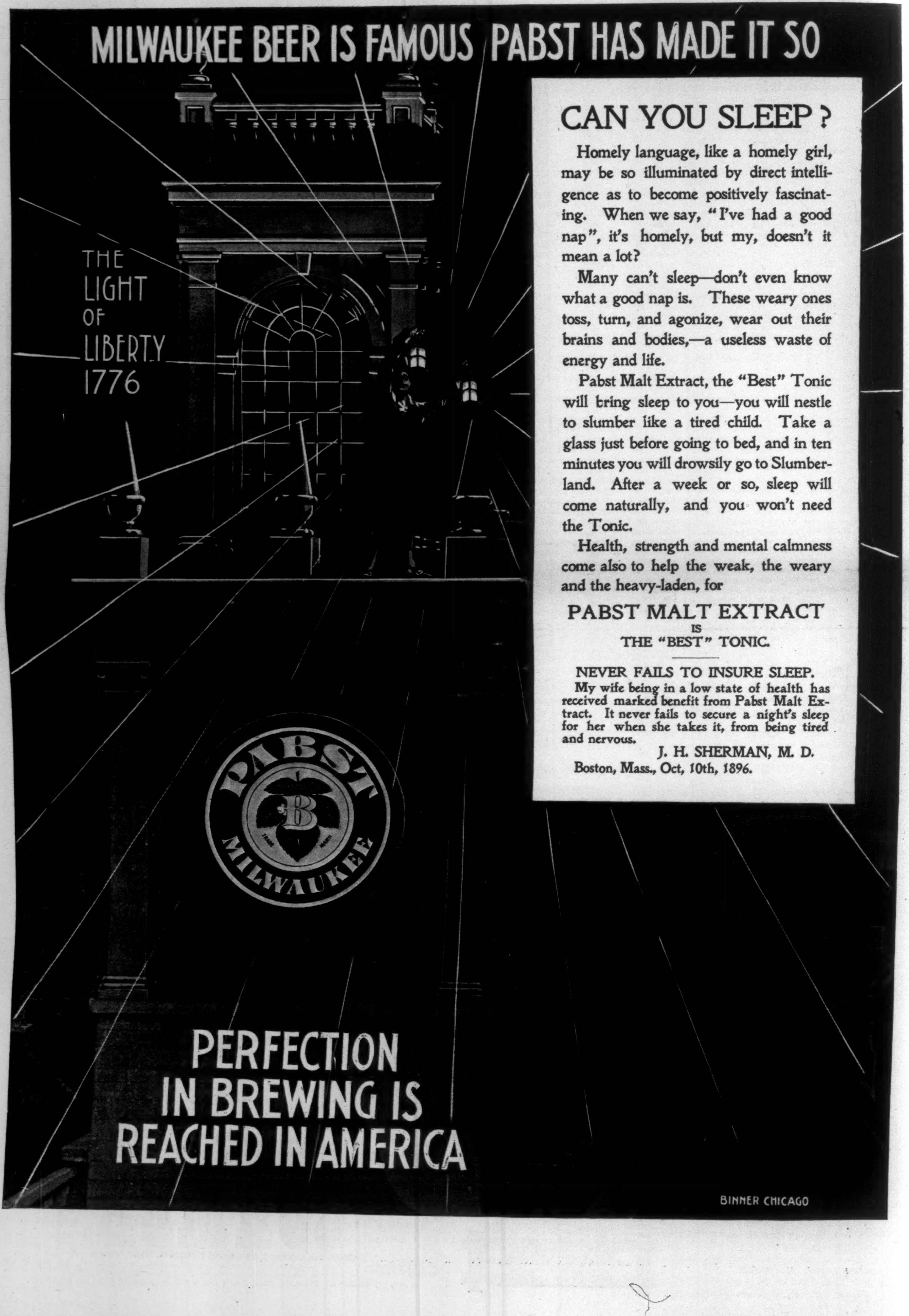
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J. H. SHERMAN, M. D.
Boston, Mass., Oct, 10th, 1896.

AMATEUR-SPORT

WHY HARVARD DOES NOT WIN.

BY A HARVARD MAN.

THE cause of Harvard's consistent failure in athletics is pretty plain. Her rivals, with painful regularity, have produced better teams. Every one knows that what is called Yale luck at Cambridge is in reality Yale pluck; and of late years the quality has developed at Princeton, Pennsylvania, and elsewhere. But this is no real explanation. The mind requires some deeper cause. The first cry was bad coaching, and a consequent lack of team-play. This was repeated until the fault was corrected, at least in part, and until every one was wholly tired of hearing the explanation. Then came the cry of bad physical training. This in turn was repeated until it brought partial remedy and total weariness of the phrase. Last year, all other complaints having been worn threadbare, Harvard's defeat was attributed to the fog on Soldiers' Field. It is probable that future years will see the fog dissipated and the athletes duly benefited. Yet it is far from certain that this will bring victory to the crimson. The real fault, at least in the present writer's opinion, is deeper than Yale pluck or even the fog on Soldiers' Field. It is to be found in the conditions, both social and educational, which lie at the basis of the life of the university. If these conditions were peculiar to Harvard it would perhaps not be worth while to discuss them publicly. But I am convinced that in some degree at least they will crop out in every American institution of learning in proportion as it develops, as Harvard has developed, from the primitive college of a few decades ago into the university of the present and of the future. In considering the causes, however, it will be necessary to speak concretely of our one eminent example of failure. It will be easy for any man to apply such ideas as are pertinent to the present or future of his own *alma mater*.

I.

The prime source of Harvard's weakness is social—always excepting, of course, the fog on Soldiers' Field. Specifically, the Institute and the Pudding, with their wheels within wheels, are failures as sources of effective athletic spirit. I do not mean that they are not eminently respectable in themselves. For the purposes of their members it would be hard to devise more effective engines; and on the whole, in spite of the many puritanical tirades delivered against them, they are as reputable morally as is to be expected. As for nourishing the desire and the ability to win games and races, however, they are worse than useless. Consider a moment what they are. The hundred men from each class who compose the Institute consider themselves, and in fact are, the social elect of four or five hundred. But as they are chosen before the end of the Sophomore year, the basis of election is all inadequate. The men who fail to distinguish themselves early in the college course are in many cases the best and stanchest of a class; and these remain, save in exceptional instances, forever on the outside. The men who are elected to the Institute, however, would naturally be expected to pull together for the university; but they have really no *esprit de corps*. The reason is that the first fifty of them, most of whom are chosen at the end of the Freshman and the beginning of the Sophomore years, separate from the rest to form the so-called Dickey. The remaining half of the Institute are really as much on the outside of things as the non-society men. The Dickey, however, one would say, ought to make up in unanimity for the disintegration of the rest, especially as almost to a man they go into the great upper class-man club, the Pudding. Under ordinary circumstances an oligarchy of fifty, even if chosen after an insufficient test, would make a better leader—as is the case at Yale—than a more democratic representation. At Harvard this is not so. The same force of disintegration which ruins the Institute ruins also the Dickey and the Pudding. No member of either of them has any real power or position unless he is elected to the cream of the cream, the small clubs. And even here inner rivalries and dissensions are so keen that the clubs afford no real vantage-ground, such as is afforded by the senior societies at Yale, for influence and authority. They are rather a sort of pool-pocket, upon getting into which a man is definitely out of the game of undergraduate life. This fact is only emphasized by the individual pleasure and profit their members derive from them. In a word, the whole organization of Harvard social life is determined by the superficial tests of the Freshman year; the outer layers of it are dead wood, and the inner kernels are sterile.

II.

The evil here is not really vital; it is in no wise characteristic of the Harvard spirit. Time and again I have seen ancient athletes rouse the undergraduates to spasms of enthusiasm; and a half-hour of straight, manly talk from the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt has clarified the atmosphere for weeks. A few decades ago, when the classes numbered about a hundred, the social system was sound, and such eagerness and enthusiasm would have been felt instantly and permanently in every circle of Harvard life. To-day, in a university numbering in the neighborhood of four thousand, the same social system is pitifully inadequate; and no amount of galvanization, whether it spring from the oratory of ancient graduates or from the sting of recurrent defeat, can make it anything else than a Little Old Man of the Sea that is throttling the social and athletic spirit of the entire university. Unless appearances are false, moreover, the senior societies at Yale, which, though better constituted, are not wholly dissimilar in scheme, have entered on the same downward path. Certainly the vast and increasing army of the excluded have several times of late shown a truly Harvard-like disrespect for what used to be sacred authority. And at other universities, under varying conditions, the old social institutions are being outworn.

At Harvard, however, these social conditions, in themselves more advanced, are aggravated by the predominance of Boston. What the literary eminence of eastern Massachusetts has done for Harvard in the past need not be recounted. The time was when the intellect of Boston was, roughly speaking, the intellect of the country. The social influence of Boston likewise need not be dwelt upon. If, as many believe, the university gives a peculiar and desirable character to its members, the praise is due to Boston alone. The literary eminence of Boston, however, is a thing of the past; and it is not unreasonable to suppose that the social tone is likewise decaying. If, however, the Harvard of to-day were as largely a New England institution as the Harvard of the past, no just complaint could be made. But while Boston has become less national and more provincial, Harvard has year by year, thanks to the enlightened policy of President Eliot, drawn more and more of her students from other parts of the country. To-day, a university which is in the best sense national is dominated socially through the clubs and societies by a decaying provincial aristocracy.

III.

That club life and social conditions can thus affect young men of average health and sense may not be clear to the general reader. The sheer fact of eating and sleeping in the same town, and of having a common interest in studies, debating, and athletics, ought clearly to break down artificial barriers. They certainly ought, but quite as certainly they do not, except in isolated and exceptional instances. The fact is that the simple natural basis of life, what may best perhaps be called the residential basis, is totally undeveloped. A glance at the English universities will explain what I mean. There every man is normally the member, first of his college, and then of the university. With the hundred or two members of his college, he eats, sleeps, studies, debates, and engages in athletics. It is only when he shows especial aptitude in any branch that he transcends the life of his college and takes part in the activities of the university. Even then his first allegiance is to his college; his home is there. At Harvard and Yale the only social life is like that in the clubs and societies of the English universities; and an American club-man is, as I have said, cut off from the rest of the university life. If he misses the clubs, he finds that instead of belonging to a definite community of his fellows, including men who are less fortunate than he as well as men who are more so, he is forced into one of innumerable, almost unrecognizable, cliques of outsiders. The fortunate few live in isolated clubs like homeless bachelors in a great city; and though they pull together as far as possible, have no real unanimity. The multitude of outsiders are swept aside from the narrow current of undergraduate life. Consider now what happens to the many men whose abilities do not chance to manifest themselves in the Freshman year. These men are often of loyal and disinterested character; they are not infrequently athletes of exceptional ability, and to my knowledge at least three in recent years have been 'varsity captains. Instead of exerting the influence which for the welfare of the university they should exert, they find it impossible to get into the main current of undergraduate life, such as it is; and revolve impotently on the outside, each in the particular eddy where fate has thrust him. With discord within and exclusion without, there is small hope of *esprit de corps*. And here again Harvard is not alone. In a greater or less degree the same thing must happen wherever undergraduate life in a great university depends mainly upon clubs and societies.

Such a state of affairs, I am aware, is not easily grasped by graduates even of a few years' standing. To them the basis of social life is not the clubs, but the classes. But the classes have of late grown too large to be controlled by the social order. Athletically, also, they are scarcely units. The blight of favoritism (which has been so often and so unjustly urged against Harvard University teams) long ago fell upon class teams. The worst of it is that favoritism is here not only inevitable, but, in a certain measure, justifiable; for some little *esprit de corps* is still possible if the members chosen know each other and are in sympathy—that is, if they belong to the same clubs.

IV.

The fundamental cause of the breaking up of class feeling, however, does not lie either in the size of the classes or in the evil social order. It lies in the educational methods that have of late been introduced—specifically the elective system. In the old days the members of the classes, though they were never assembled at dinner or in clubs, were brought together in the great prescribed courses. At Yale this is still largely the case. At Harvard, however, the prescribed courses have been virtually abolished. One of the chief aims in abolishing them, as President Eliot has more than once said, was to break up the old class distinctions; for the development of the spirit of scholarship required that men of similar tastes and pursuits be brought more closely together. As a result, Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, perhaps even Seniors and graduates, sit side by side in lecture-rooms, work side by side in the library. A Harvard class of to-day assembles as a body one night in each year, namely, when it elects its officers; and even here the chief spirit manifested is of mutual hostilities.

And the disintegrating influence does not end here. The spirit of scholarship, abetted no doubt by the natural tendency of the New England mind, as also by the social system, has fostered at Harvard an intense spirit of individualism. At the vortex of each particular eddy of Harvard life is some aim, some interest, some aspiration which, as far as that particular eddy is concerned, is of more importance than the great stream that sweeps them all onward. The student of Germanic philology has as great a contempt for the athlete as the athlete would have for the student of Germanic philology if he were aware of his existence. This spirit of individualism, it is worth noting, lies at the root of the wonderful recent development of the intellectual side of undergraduate life. From the point of view of the exponent of modern scholarship it is the best thing in the educational life of the country. It is bound to make itself felt at all the great universities of the country—as indeed it already has. But the fact remains that it is fatal to *esprit de corps* in athletics.

As this spirit of individualism and scholarship tends to make victory impossible, it tends also to make it less devoutly wished. At Yale and Pennsylvania and Princeton loyalty to the university consists in winning games and races. At Harvard there is a large and growing element, even in the athletic set, that does not regard athletics as of supreme importance. No one doubts, let us hope, that pluck, generalship, and co-operation for a common good are of value, and of great value, in the cause of education. But many doubt, and a few feel certain, that athletics, even when most sanely and intelligently cultivated, is not the main end of life at a university. The sense of this is spreading rapidly among American universities; but nowhere except at Harvard, so far as I know, has it perceptibly moderated the ardor of the athletic set.

The cause of Harvard's recent defeats is then pretty clear. On the one hand the social organization is fatal to the harmony and public spirit necessary to effective undergraduate effort. On the other, Harvard's very virtues as an institution of learning make it impossible to go in for sports with the all-absorbing enthusiasm of her rivals. Conversely stated, Harvard's successful rivals have not yet quite outgrown the social system inherited from the primitive college of the early part of the century, and have not yet felt the full effect of the modern movement toward moderation in athletics.

V.

The remedy for the conditions I have outlined is suggested, as it naturally would be, by the conditions themselves. In the first place, the closer social sympathy of the small college must be in some manner restored. A scheme to this end which has of late received much attention is a university club where the student body can gather and mingle freely. At the time this scheme was broached I was teaching composition in an advanced class, composed mostly of Juniors, Seniors, and graduates, and took the opportunity to find out what the student body really thought of the scheme. It was generally agreed that some reform was needed, indispensable; and many were ready to support the university club, *faute de mieux*. On the whole, however, it was conceded that the members of the many comfortable exclusive clubs, having failed to make athletics go, would hardly do better by the proposed club. And the men at the other extreme of the social scale could not afford either the time or the money to use the club. At the best the place would become the haunt of the far from golden mean of undergraduate life; and the opinion was advanced that even these would not care to make much show of their mediocrity. Another club would be as superfluous as the trimmings the Irish widow refused for her husband's coffin. "Sure it was the trimmin's he died of."

The true solution of the problem, it seems to me, will be on a different basis. It should be made the normal and natural thing for men to be thrown together in the inevitable social relations—eating, lodging, study, athletics. This is what used to happen in the old days when Harvard and Yale were no larger than Amherst and Williams. At Princeton, where the club and "society" evil has been kept at a minimum, the delightful atmosphere of the small college still persists; and, more than anything else, it seems to account for Princeton's athletic success. In the English universities something of the same effect is gained by confining the social life to colleges small enough to feel their individuality and community of interest. So strong is the college influence there that the university clubs are, as they should be, of secondary importance. If Harvard is to revert to anything like the social spirit of twenty years ago, it is probably to be done by dividing the university into social and residential units of about the size of the smaller American colleges.

A plan to this end was drawn up in the rough by the late Frank Bolles, secretary of the college, and published after his death. His main scheme was not, as has been charged, the adoption of English ideas, but the adaptation of such as were applicable to the obvious evils of our own system. His ideas are familiar to all Harvard men, and the questions he raised have been publicly debated. Meanwhile the most hopeful sign of the times is that undergraduate life is unconsciously tending toward aggregation into larger units independent of clubs. Among the remoter and less popular dormitories there are already occasional athletic contests; and the poorer students have an eating club of their own. In short, the most that is needed is that the undergraduates shall realize the value of complete co-operation in all the details of residential life. If it were possible, for instance, for the members of the Foxcroft Eating Club to have a separate dean and proctors, a common dormitory, and their own sports, the movement which Mr. Bolles desired to see would be well started. The college I lived in at Oxford was made up of the poorer men, and the best students of the university. And as a result of the strength that comes from community life, poverty and scholarship are not a reproach there as they are at Yale and Harvard, but a prime source of distinction. Among all the English colleges none is more favorably known than Balliol. So great was its reputation, in fact, that it was frequented by all classes of men who desired the most earnest and intellectual environment; and these everywhere include men of the best character and social standing, and not a few athletes. The result of thus dividing a university into residential units is not, as would appear at first sight, the creation of false distinctions. The separate colleges serve rather to give character and standing to the particular kind of men who compose them. The 'varsity athletes who under the present régime have no social affiliation would, in a Foxcroft College, be the leading members, and would both lend distinction to such a college and gain importance and influence as members of it. And in such separate community life much of the happy democracy of the small American college would be revived. If ever colleges of varying characters become numerous at Harvard, there is no reason why the athletic spirit should not become permanently sound.

It must be admitted, of course, that a university thus divided would probably not have such a thorough *esprit de corps* as there is at Princeton, and to a great extent still at Yale. But as it is certainly not to be had at Harvard without the subdivision, the objection is scarcely valid. And as a matter of fact, while a member in a small way of an Oxford athletic team, I found much more incentive to excel than I had ever felt at Harvard. At Oxford the college stands behind an athlete; at Harvard his few particular friends, or at most his clubs. Competition among the colleges, moreover, would be much more keen and democratic than the present class contests, and would develop many times the present number of athletes. To those who believe that the object of sport is not primarily the victory, it would probably not matter much even if the university were not able to work itself periodically into a frenzy in which victory seemed a life-and-death matter.

JOHN CORBIN.

"A SPORTING PILGRIMAGE."—By Caspar Whitney.—Copiously Illustrated.—8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $3 50.—Harper & Brothers.

DISTILLING THE WORLD'S WISDOM

WE have received such a quantity of letters from the readers of the WEEKLY regarding Charles Dudley Warner's New Library of the World's Best Literature, of which we have spoken so highly in other issues, that judging from the interest aroused it will be well to answer these inquiries here.

The chief burden of our readers' questions is as to whether this great Library really achieves its professed object, and does in fact present a valuable, entertaining, and instructive survey of all the literature of all the countries of the world; or whether it is not like so many other "libraries" that have been put forth from time to time, a mere smattering of what is good and great. In a word, our readers ask us: Shall we buy this Library in preference to books?

We take it that there are very few who contemplate the purchase of this Library who do not possess a considerable collection of books already, and we may therefore unhesitatingly answer, yes.

We shall best make clear our view, perhaps, by recalling a memorable address on books delivered nearly twenty years ago by that fine critic whose work is less known to us than it should be, Frederick Harrison. The address seems to us, as we have reread it, a prophecy and a proclamation of just such a "world-library" as Mr. Warner is now making.

"To stuff our minds with what is simply trivial, or that which at best has but a low nutritive power," said Harrison, "this is to close our minds to what is solid and enlarging and spiritually sustaining. Whether our neglect of the great books comes from our not reading at all, or from an incorrigible habit of reading the little books, it ends in just the same thing. And that thing is ignorance of all the greater literature of the world.

"But there is much more than this. Even to those who resolutely avoid the idleness of reading what is trivial, a difficulty is presented, every day increasing, by virtue even of our abundance of books.

"The vast proportion of books we shall never be able to read. A serious percentage of books are not worth reading. There never was a time, at least during the last two hundred years, when the difficulties of making an efficient use of books were greater than they are to-day.

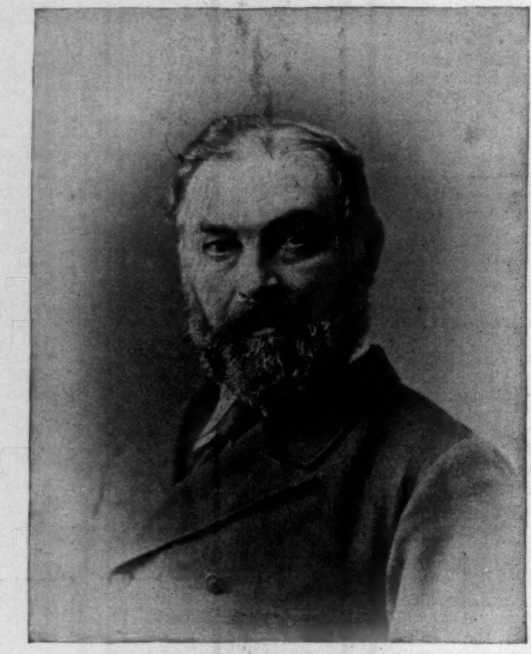
"So the question which weighs upon me with such really crushing urgency is this — what are the books that in our little remnant of reading time it is most vital for us to know? Every book that we take up without a purpose is an opportunity lost of taking up a book with a purpose.

"And so, I say it most confidently, *the first intellectual task of our age* is to rightly order and make serviceable the vast realm of printed material which four centuries have swept across our path. To organize our knowledge, to systematize our reading, to save out of the relentless cataract of ink the immortal thoughts of the greatest—this is a necessity unless the productive ingenuity of man is to lead us at last to a measureless and pathless chaos."

Mr. Harrison goes on to indicate what would be the high value of some collection, or "healthy and rational syllabus of essential books," that would present "a working epitome of what is best and most enduring in the literature of the world." And the great critic adds:

"Some such firm foothold in the vast and increasing torrent of literature we certainly must find, unless all that is great in literature is to be borne away in the floods of books."

These forceful, pregnant sentences describe in far better words than could our own the very essence of the service which Mr. Warner, in his Library, is doing the people of this age. We have already given our readers a pretty thorough view of the plan of the work, its scope, and our high estimate of the value of the performance. But it may be worth while to take up some of its characteristic features in a little more detail.


FREDERICK HARRISON

Next to the pleasure of reading interesting books is the pleasure of reading about books. "Next to the originator of a good sentence," says Emerson, "is the first quoter of it. Many will read the book before one thinks of quoting a passage. As soon as he has done this that line will be quoted east and west."

Now the literary critic--the critic of the right sort, does just this thing. He takes a book of which we wish to know, and gives us the very best it contains; he picks out its fine passages, and by so doing sets them out in a bold relief which they did not possess in the book itself; he takes the volume and sets it in its proper proportion, gives us its historical relations, and from his store of knowledge and varied reading delivers to us a compact and vital parcel that probably carries with it far more of permanent value than we could have in any way gained ourselves from actual perusal of the book. And this is just what the four or five hundred eminent specialists engaged by Mr. Warner have done in this superb work.

It would be of interest, too, did space permit, to skim through the long list of forgotten worthies and neglected men of genius, whose resurrection in this Library—it really is such for the most of us—we count one of the most valuable achievements of Mr. Warner's epochal work.

As we hastily run over the list we have the wish to stop at almost every name and learn anew what we may have once known but have now quite forgotten regarding these choice spirits of whom we would never confess ourselves entirely ignorant, but of whom in reality we find we know so little. A dip here and there shows us the permanency of that characteristic which impressed us so strongly from our first cursory view of the first volume of Mr. Warner's Library, namely, the exceeding interest of almost every line.

Distillations of literature are as a rule crude and raw enough. But here we have the process converted into an art so rare that the right measure of the performance almost escapes us in the felicity of the result.

So to answer formally the question we set out to answer, we may confidently say to our readers that in this Library of the World's Best Literature they will find a real *library*, and not thirty volumes of dry chips hacked out of the masterpieces of literature with a journalistic axe. We know, in fact, of no other work which meets just the demand voiced in Frederick Harrison's scholarly address, from which we have quoted, for "a working epitome of what is best and most enduring in the literature of the world."

The widespread desire among all classes to possess these thirty treasure volumes is clearly indicated by the number and the character of letters which are received daily by Harper's Weekly Club, through which Mr. Warner's Library is being distributed, from all parts of the world.

The first edition of an important and costly work like the Library is indisputably the most valuable because printed from the new, fresh plates, thus bringing out both type and engravings with noticeable clearness and beauty. The superiority of first editions is best shown by the universal custom of publishers to demand more for them than for those issued later. But the publishers of Mr. Warner's Library have actually so reduced the price of their most valuable and desirable first edition that just at present it is obtainable for about half of the regular subscription price, and the additional privilege of easy monthly payments is also accorded.

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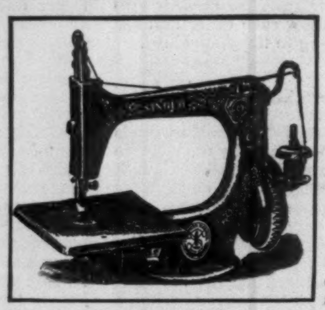
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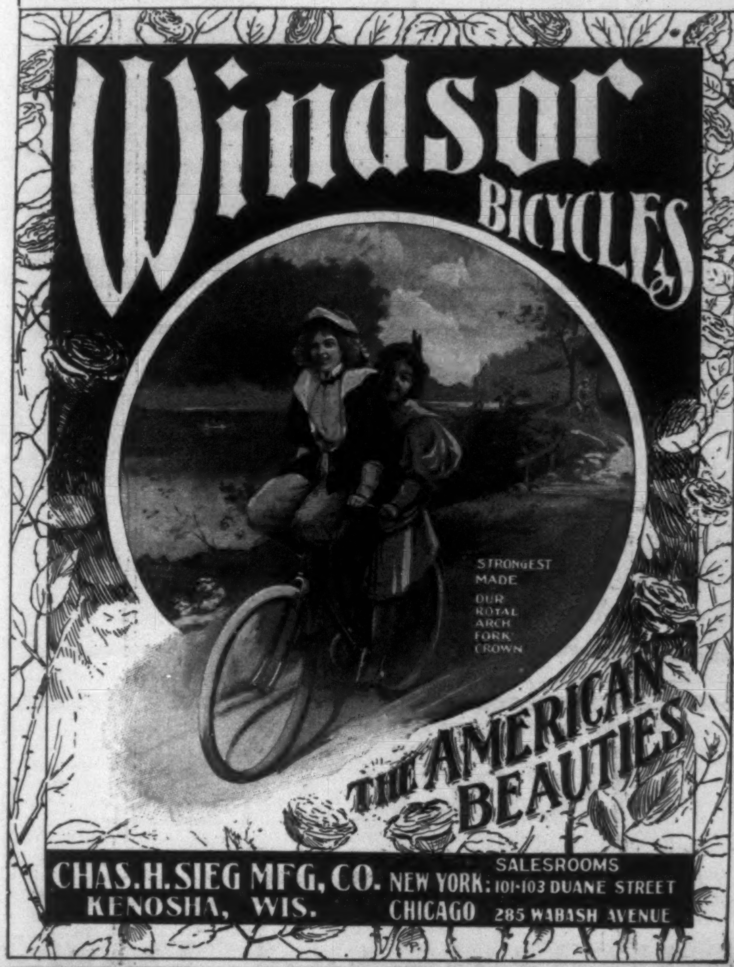
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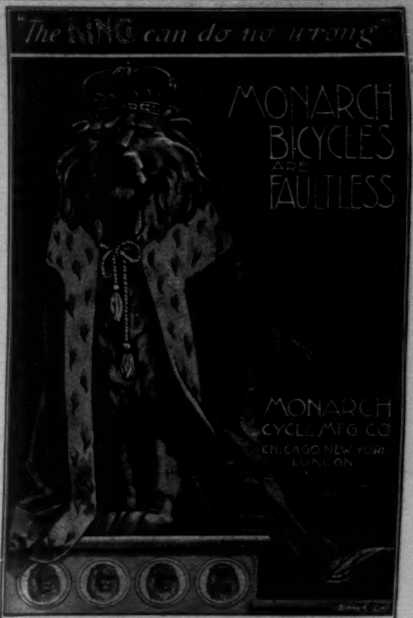
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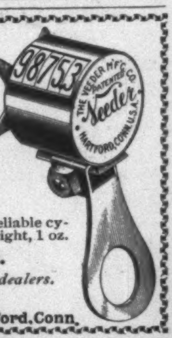
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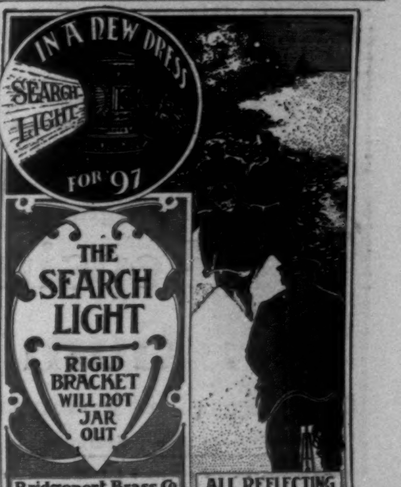
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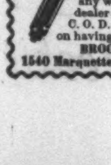

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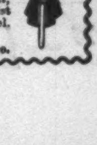

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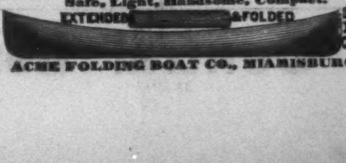
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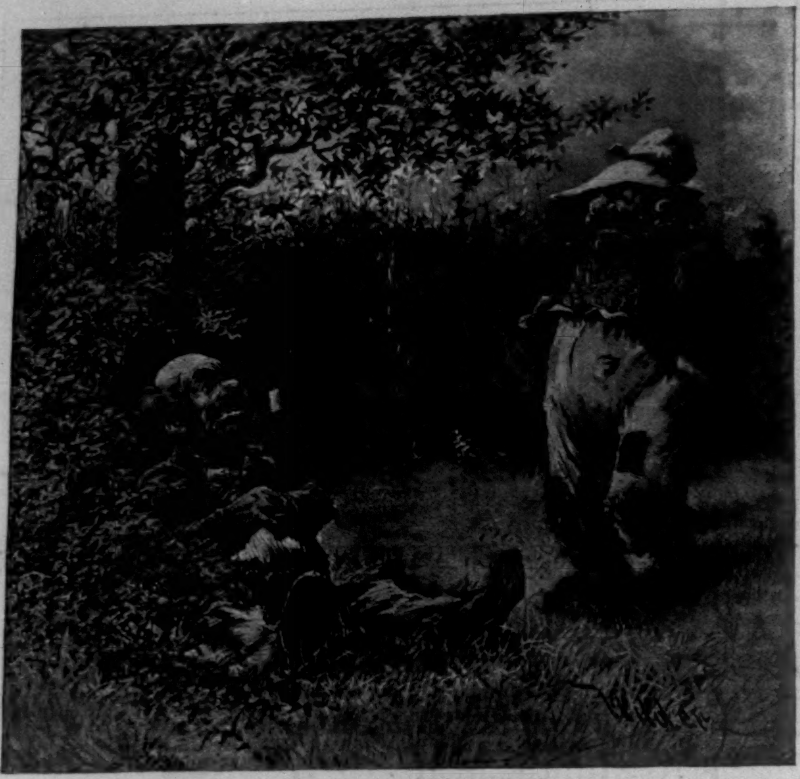

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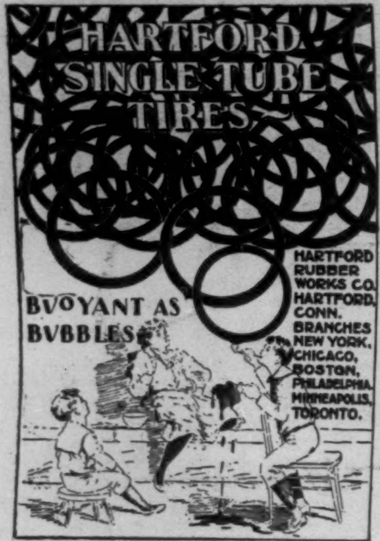

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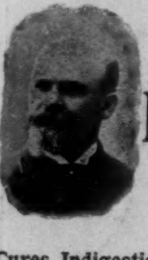

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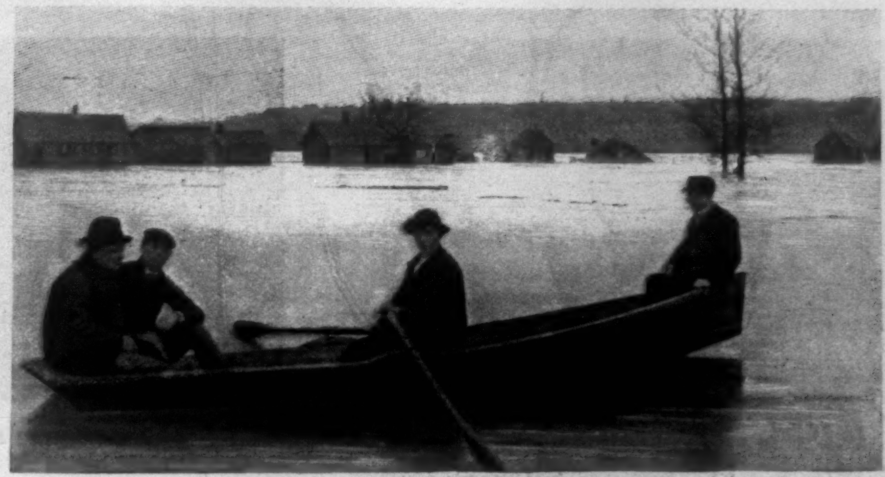

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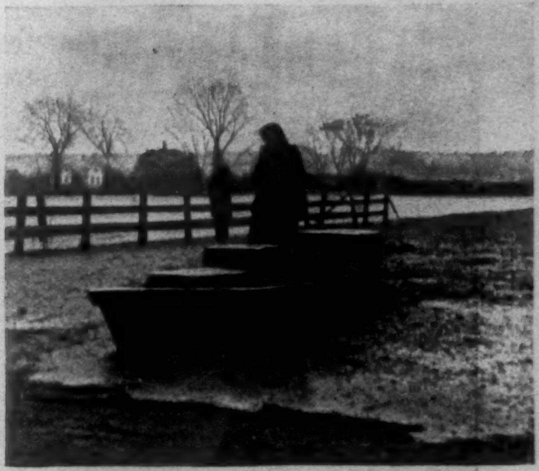

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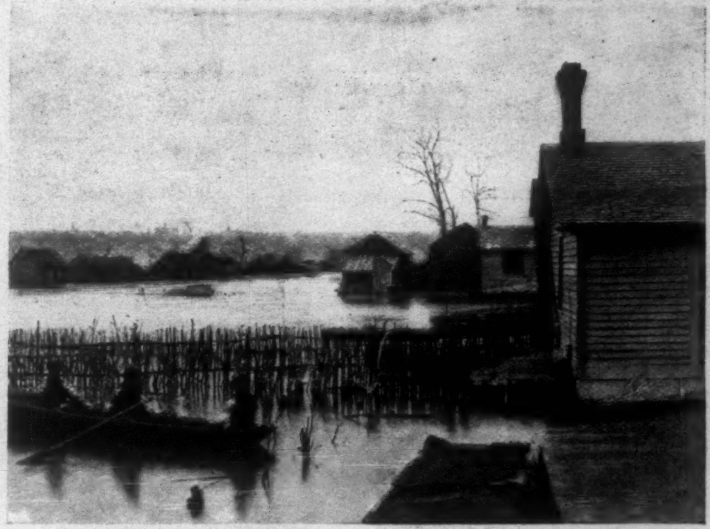

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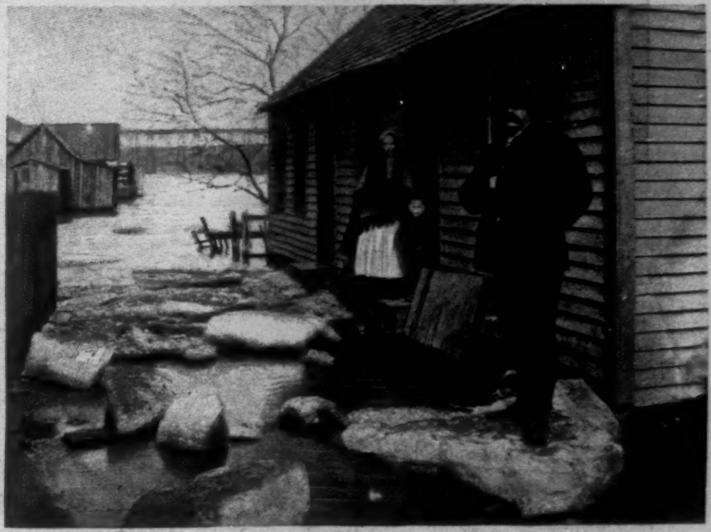

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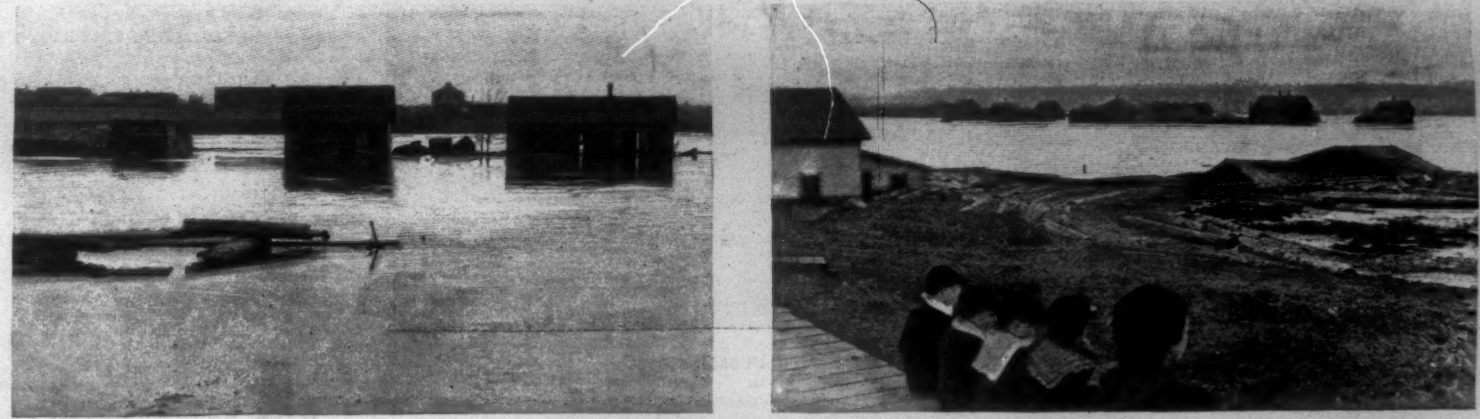

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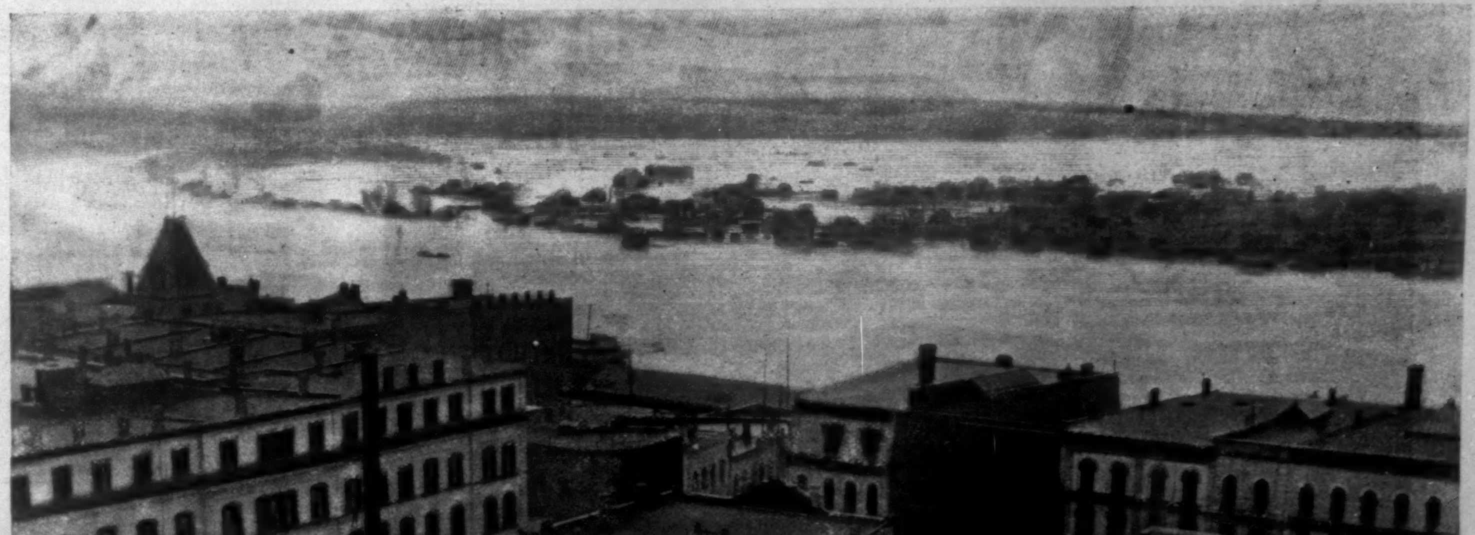

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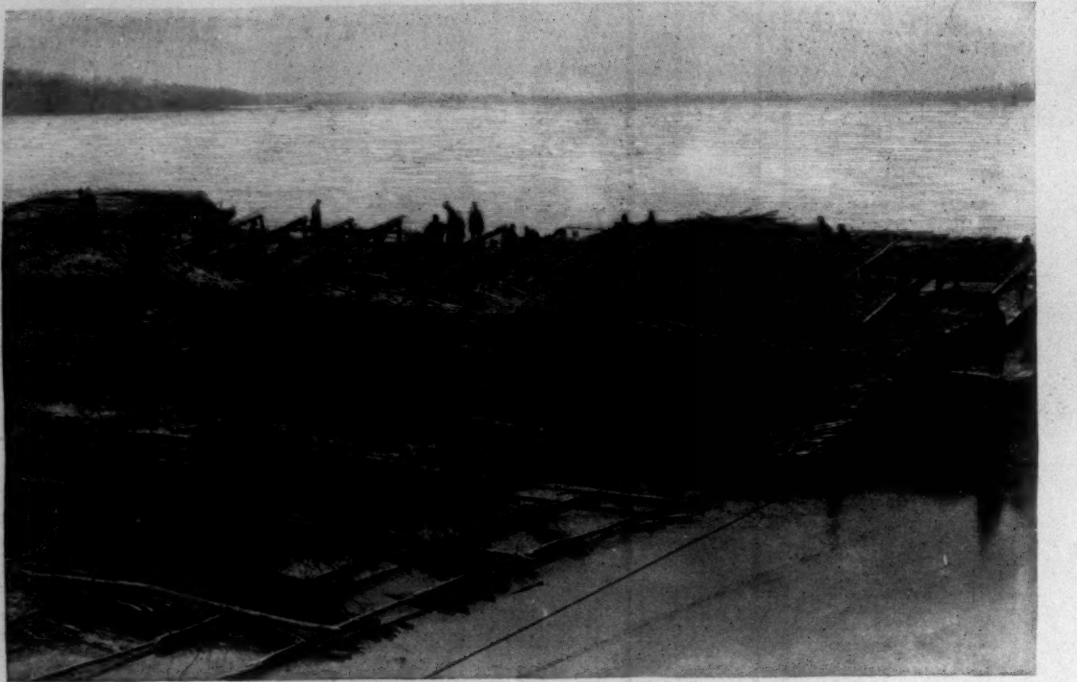

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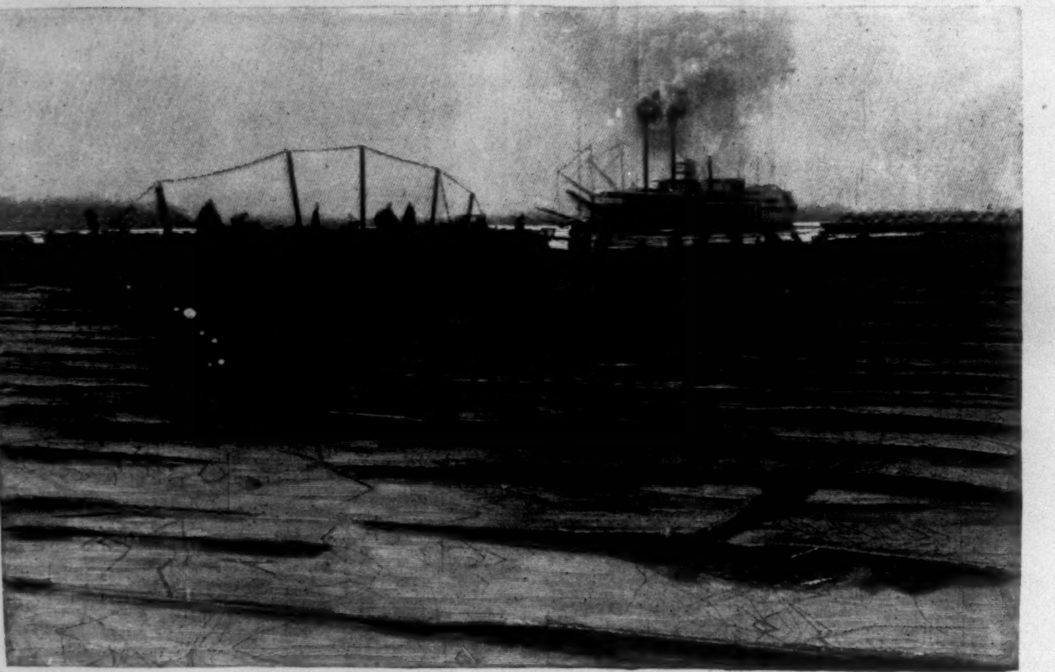

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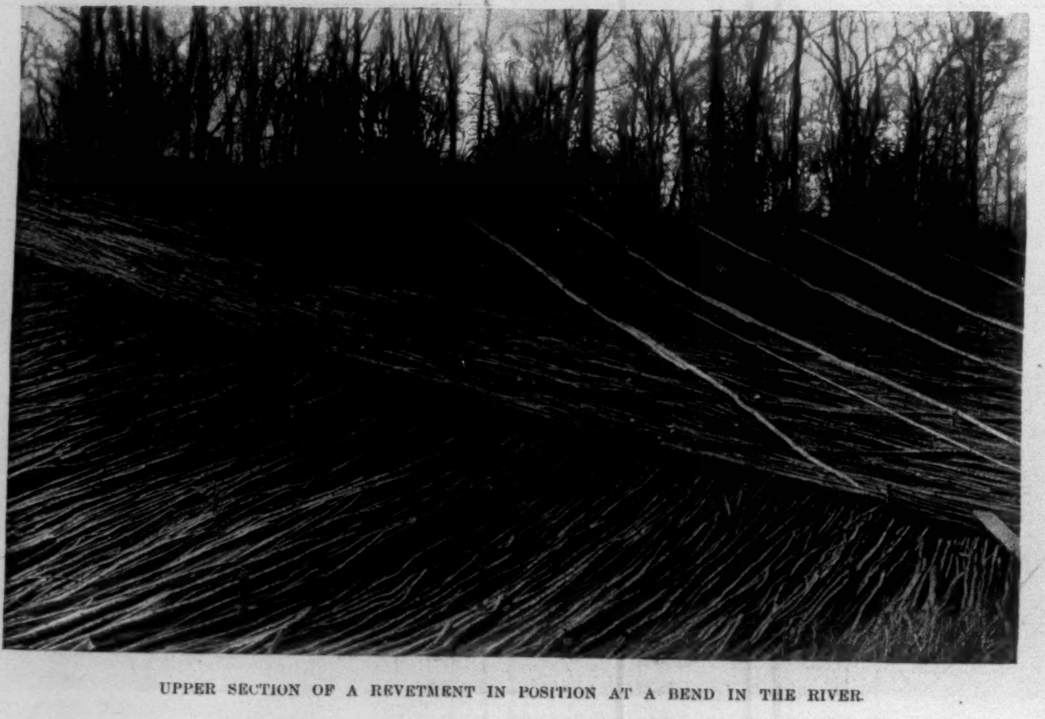

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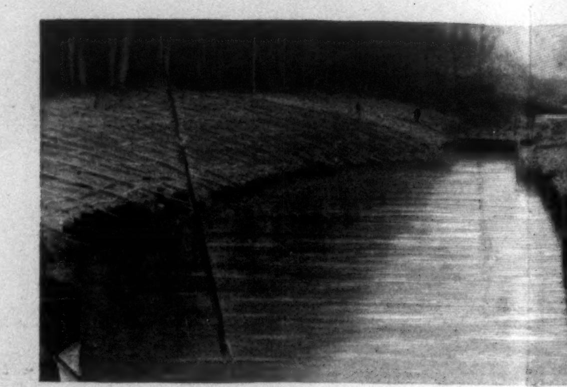

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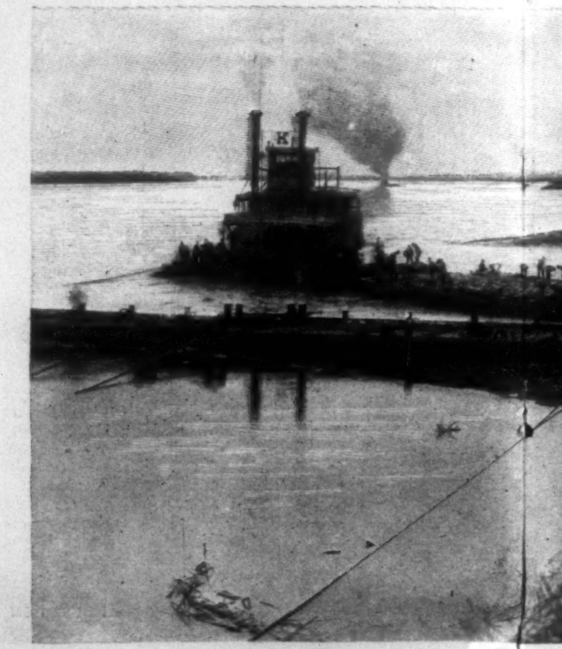

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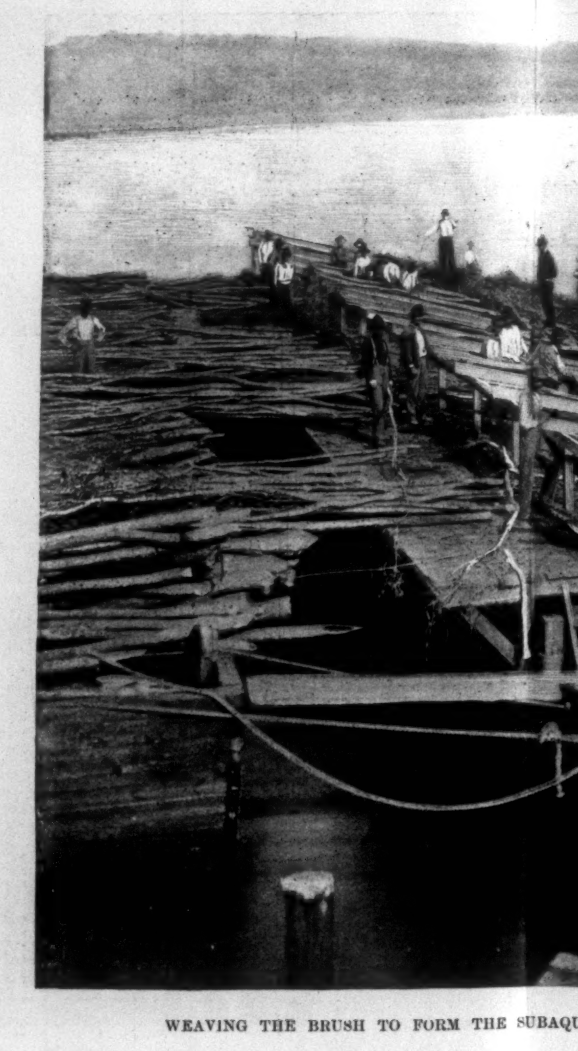

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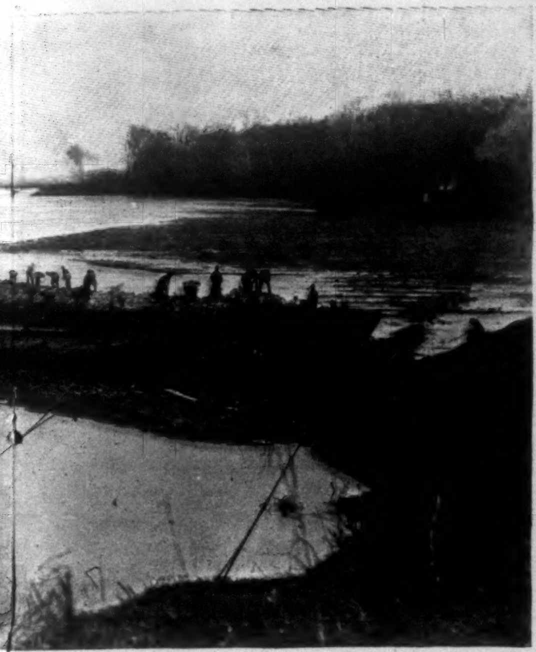
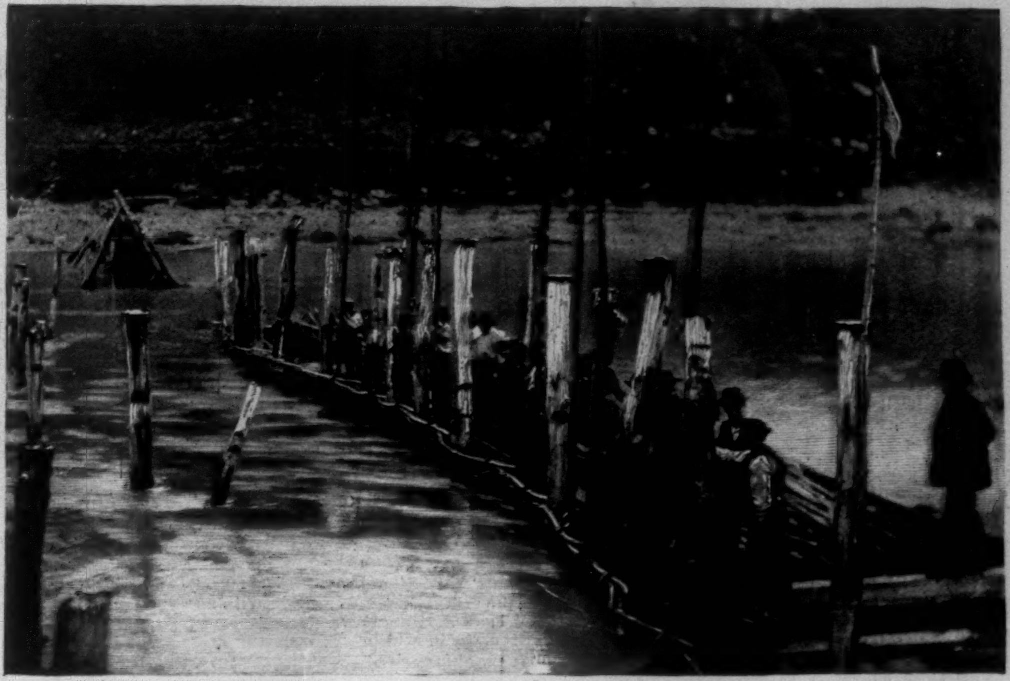
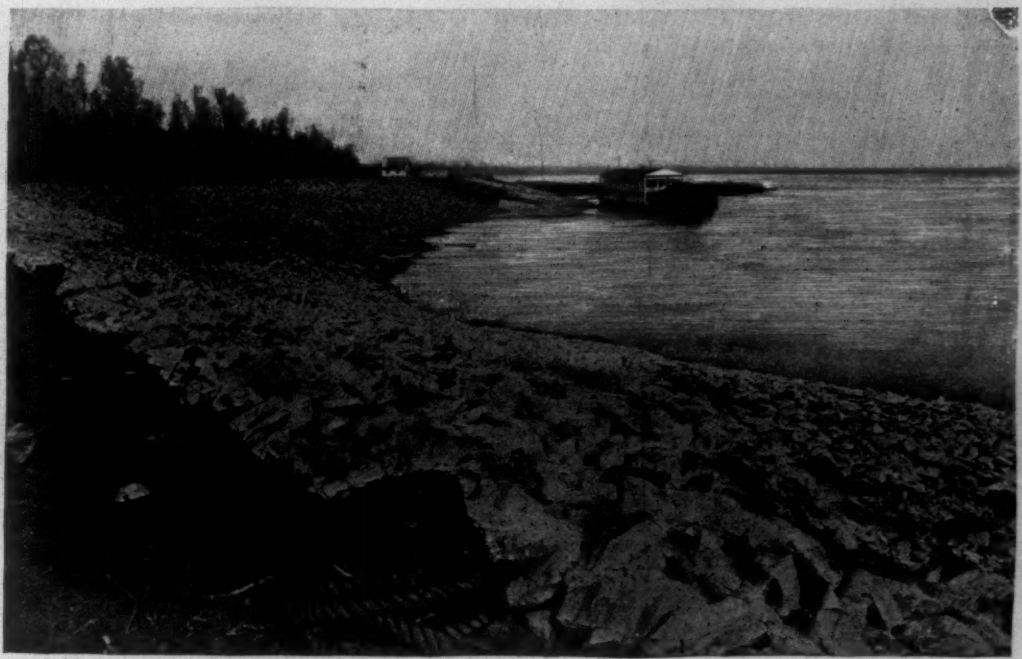


OF BRUSH BY LOADING IT WITH RUBBLE-STONE.

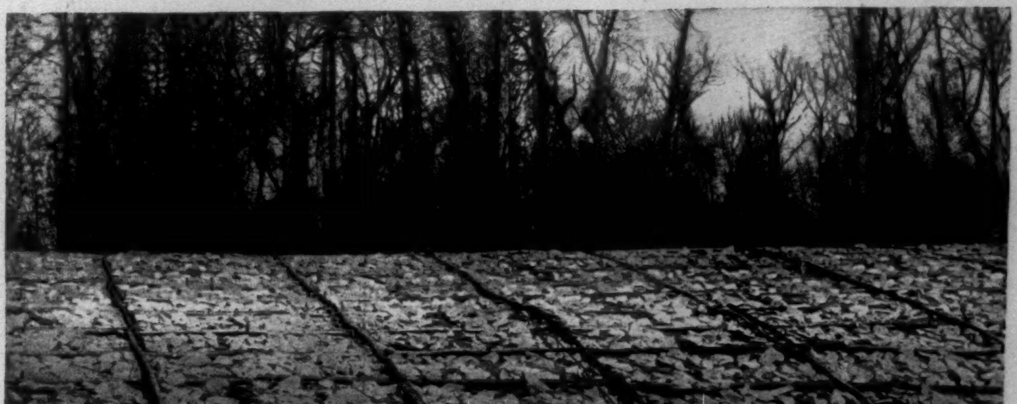
UBAQUEOUS MATTRESS FOR A REVETMENT.



CONSTRUCTING A JETTY.



A BEND IN THE RIVER, WITH A REVETMENT IN PLACE COVERED WITH RUBBLE-STONE.



A COMPLETED REVETMENT SHOWING THE RIVER ABOUT MID-STAGE.

OVERNMENT TO PROTECT THE BANKS AND TO PREVENT DESTRUCTIVE OVERFLOWS.—[See Page 404.]